The Nation.

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The Week.

It is a gratifying announcement that the island of Cuba is really to be turned over to President Palma on May 20, and that all the United States troops except some 800 will be on their way home by that date. As far back as last autumn, Secretary Root declared that the island would be evacuated in May if the Cubans themselves should not cause unnecessary delays, and he has kept his word, despite the discouraging attitude of Congress. That the insular government which will take over the administration of Cuba from Gen. Wood will by no means be the free and independent one for which the Cubans fought so long, is unfortunately true. The Platt amendment has tied its hands in more than one respect, and there are apparently to be small permanent garrisons of Americans in the various naval stations ceded, under pressure, to the United States. Congress itself, by its timidity before the beet-sugar interests, and its failure to give prompt aid to the struggling islanders, may yet compel President Palma's Administration to take office with the economic ruin of the island staring it in the face. Since its first problem may be that of preventing wholesale starvation among the population, the new Government, however it may be formed, is hardly to be congratulated in this respect upon the opportunity before it.

President Roosevelt's message on Cuba might have had a sharper sting in its tail. He rather meekly says that there must be "wise and beneficent legislation to stimulate the commerce between the two countries" if our task is to be "fittingly accomplished." That is pitched in a much lower tone than the recommendations he made last December. It may signify that he is simply displaying the wisdom of the serpent, in not exasperating by more pungent language the hesitant Republicans whose votes he is trying to win by party blandishments; but he must be aware that some of the rebellious Congressmen may take his tame appendix as merely the harmlessness of the dove. If they do, they will work harder than ever to defeat all legislation in aid of Cuba. They will, of course, vote to establish the diplomatic offices which the President urges. The last man of them will rally for an appropriation of that kind, and each Congressman will have at least three candidates for every one of the offices created. The real difficulty is to induce them to enable the Cubans to trade with us and make an honest living. After more than three months of backing and filling on this subject, it is still doubtful if Congress will do anything at all; and we think the President might well have taken advantage of his message on Thursday to state the urgency of the situation and the duty of the hour in telling phrase. The vague and perfunctory words he used represent an opportunity lost. If he was to say anything at all, there should have been an explicit utterance that would bite itself into the consciousness of Congress and the country.

Senator Hanna is now openly before the public as the champion of the convicted Director-General of Posts, and is avowedly working hard to save him from a Cuban prison. It is evident that there are close personal relations between the two men. The United States Senator, it seems, is genuinely convinced that Gen. Wood "ordered" the Cuban court to convict Rathbone, and that in the face of Secretary Root's "probable" belief in Rathbone's innocence! Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow "put up the whole job" on poor Rathbone, merely to spite his political rival, the immaculate Mr. Perry Heath. It follows from this that Assistant Inspector-General Burton of the army, Gen. Wood, and a host of other officials and expert accountants in and out of Cuba, were in the conspiracy to trap this honest gentleman from Ohio, whose weakness was merely a desire to spend Government money freely for the benefit of the service. Senator Hanna's eagerness to lay bare the scandal is touching to behold, though it is not true, as reported, that he seeks a law giving an "American" trial to Rathbone.

In the bill creating a civil government for the Philippine Islands is a provision for the unlimited coinage of silver dollars. Added to this is an authorization of coinage of these dollars at the mint of San Francisco, with a proviso that the silver so coined shall be of American production. This is a measure of "protection" for the owners of silver mines that was never put into any bill for the free coinage of silver in our own country. This clause ought to be stricken out for very shame. It looks for all the world like a measure to tax the Filipinos for the benefit of Americans, and, if passed, will be taken as a precedent for countless other schemes to exploit the island for the profit of particular classes and individuals in this country. As a matter of fact, however, the owners of our silver mines will get no benefit from it at all, although they will get plenty of reproaches for it. We are a silver-exporting country, and we cannot get more than the London price for any part of our product, whether we sell it to the Filipinos for coinage or to the European manufacturers of spoons and forks. Therefore the only effect of this clause in the bill is to bring reproach upon us and to furnish a bad precedent. The House of Representatives ought to reject the silver coinage scheme *in toto*, but especially should it strike out this ill-omened provision for the compulsory use of the product of American silver mines.

The question what kind of money we shall sanction in the Philippines ought to be determined in harmony with the world's progress, and not in conflict with it—that is, in favor of the gold standard A few years ago, Japan was confronted with the same question. She had nominally the double standard, but actually the single silver standard. In order to keep pace with civilized nations, she found it necessary to adopt the gold standard. The market ratio between silver and gold at the time when she decided to take this step was 32 to 1. She accordingly decreed that the gold yen should bear that relation to the silver yen as to past contracts, and that, for the future, gold should be coined in unlimited quantities for private individua's, but that silver should be coined only on Government account. The plan was carried out successfully, and no harm was done to anybody. The experience of India is no less useful as a guide. That country has passed successfully from the single silver standard to the single gold standard by taking as a basis and point of departure the actual market value of the two metals at the time when the change was decided upon—16 pence per rupee. The coinage of rupees was prohibited except on Government account, the English sovereign was made legal tender in India at that ratio, and gold coinage for private persons was authorized at the Indian mints in unlimited amounts. There is no occasion for a special coinage for the Philippine islands. A special silver coinage would be a step backward. It would be an injury in the long run to the Filipinos, and would tend to a recrudescence of silverism in the United States.

The doughty Funston has already fallen into the customary trouble of talking generals, and attempts to extricate himself in the customary way of his kind—that is, by asserting that the reporter lied. That the swaggering words attributed to Funston in the Topeka *Capital's* interview were actually uttered by him, there is no reason to doubt. They were in perfect keeping with his

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character. But when President Roosevelt sent him a sharp telegram, asking him if he had been correctly quoted—that is, if he had really said that the President had approved his swashbuckling speech at the Lotos Club, and had asked him to repeat it in Boston—the mighty man of valor took refuge behind the anonymous reporter. He never said it. Certainly not; and as long as Gen. Funston's standard of morality is simply the articles of war, and he cares not for the rules of conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman, he will doubtless escape without a reprimand. He has had his warning, however. So has the President, who will know how to deal with the second offence of a warrior who slays the enemy with his mouth.

It would be unfair to Gen. Miles, in criticising his foolish plan for settling the war in the Philippines, to overlook his humane motives. He was evidently moved by a genuine desire to remove the stigma from the army which the continued allegations of cruelty have put upon it, reinforced as they are by the horrible testimony now being given in the Waller case. He was also influenced by the hope of ending a war which has cost thousands of American lives, and necessitated the employment of 120,000 troops. But the fact remains that the methods Gen. Miles would have employed were childish in the extreme. They should make clear to the public the reasons why one Democratic President and two of his Republican successors have found it impossible to get on with him, and why the best interests of the service demand his immediate retirement. Take the history of the China expedition, for instance. No capable general would have advocated the withdrawal of 15,000 men at a time when MacArthur found 73,000 too few. Yet the Lieutenant-General Commanding was willing to do this in the face of MacArthur's protests, and without personal knowledge of the Philippine situation, for the sole reason that his vanity might be flattered by his appointment as generalissimo of the allied forces in China. No one can read his latest proposal without seeing that he is now a dangerously unsound adviser to President or Secretary of War.

The real place to look for the effect of the resignation of Commissioner Evans is the Grand-Army and pension-shark clique that has been hounding him for years because he has been an honest Commissioner. They are undisguisedly elated that they have worried out of the inflexible Roosevelt what they could not drive the gracious McKinley into doing for them. There we have the true measure of the misfortune which has befallen the public service. The President distinctly says that he is to have another office as a reward for his "excellent service." Then why not insist upon his keeping on in that excellent service? Why invite the struggle all over again with a new Commissioner, in whose appointment and administration the pension cormorants will see their great opportunity? With Mr. Evans in office, the fight was won; with his successor, it must be begun over. The enemies of decent administration of the Pension Office do not care two straws whether Mr. Evans is "promoted" or not; all they wanted was to get him out of his present office, and that they have now accomplished. Of course, if Mr. Evans had grown faint in the fight, or if his health made his resignation imperative, there was no help for it, but it is evident from his published explanation that he would have remained in office if the President had insisted upon it. "My incumbency," he said, "has begun to embarrass public officials and statesmen." How embarrass them? By performing the "excellent service" to which President Roosevelt testifies? Everybody knows that the embarrassment came solely in consequence of the remonstrances and threats of pension-beggars and pension-peddlers. There can be no doubt that the President has made his task of preserving the Pension Office from these raiders doubly and unnecessarily hard.

By the choice of James R. Garfield as Civil-Service Commissioner, to succeed that absurd McKinley left-over, Rodenburg, President Roosevelt has both strengthened the Commission and given fresh earnest of his determination to have a pure and vigorous enforcement of the civil-service laws. Mr. Garfield is highly esteemed by those who know him, for his quiet strength of mind and character; and made a fine reputation for himself as State Senator in Ohio. At Columbus, during his term of office, he was the resolute advocate of good government and the unsparing enemy of trimmers and tricksters. Through his efforts the Garfield Corrupt Practices Act was put on the statute-book, though it proved such a thorn in the flesh of the spoilsmen that they have since repealed it. This necessarily drew attention to him as a champion of purity in the public service, and his willingness now to leave his law practice and go to Washington as Civil-Service Commissioner argues an intention to devote his energies to the cause which he has at heart as truly as the President. Mr. Roosevelt has been fortunate in getting rid, thus early, of the milk-and-water Civil-Service Commissioners whom President McKinley kept for the amusement of the politicians.

It is the expectation in Washington that Congress will adjourn early in June, leaving in suspense as many controverted questions as possible. Among these will be the Ship Subsidy Bill, the Isthmian Canal Bill, all bills relating to the currency, and all relating to the tariff and reciprocity, except the Cuban bill, of which the fate is still in doubt. The Republican leaders are looking forward to the autumn elections with much trepidation. They are charged with a heavy backload of Trusts and combines, some of which Chairman Babcock is trying to curtail, while others President Roosevelt and Attorney-General Knox are trying to cast off. They have a Philippine policy which they do not boast of so proudly as they did two years ago. And as for their ship-subsidy scheme, they speak of it only in whispers; yet if it is a proper measure, it should be passed now. If it is an improper one, it should be rejected now. The party should have the courage of its convictions, and take all the risks involved in any policy which it believes to be right—like this of ordering donations from the national Treasury to private enterprises, whether they are already prosperous or not. The Democrats, on the other hand, are preparing to go to the country with a platform of liberty and independence for all foreign peoples who desire it, and to whom we can lawfully give it, and of opposition to subsidies and monopolies of every kind. On the whole, they have a fair chance of winning a majority of the next House, though it must not be forgotten that, under the new census, there will be twenty-nine more members in it than in the present one.

Mr. Morgan's extremely interesting testimony on March 26 in the Northern Pacific suit throws further light on some disputed points of the remarkable episode of last May. It will be recalled that Mr. Schiff and Mr. Steele set forth, on Monday week, that the Union Pacific interests had applied for a share in control of the Burlington purchase, and had been refused; that J. P. Morgan & Co. supposed themselves to control the Northern Pacific, until they discovered that some of their associates had been selling; and that the house of Morgan individually bought in the open market, between May 1 and May 7, 1901, $15,000,000 of Northern Pacific stock. The two last-mentioned statements Mr. Morgan confirmed; adding that, on learning that the Union Pacific people claimed control, he had personally directed his firm to buy 150,000 shares of the common stock in the open market. This was done, Mr. Morgan testifies, because the firm felt itself morally responsible to the shareholders who had previously bought on its initiative. The average cost of this stock to the house of Morgan appears to have been 115, at which price it was subsequently turned over to the Northern Securities. That price was 29 per cent. above the highest of 1900, though, of course, much lower than what other buy-

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ers paid, a day or two later, in the corner. Of the stock issued by the Securities Company on this exchange, the house, it was testified, now holds 110,000 to 120,000 shares. This, it may be observed, amounts to barely 3 per cent. of the Northern Securities' capital.

Mr. Morgan testified that the plan which eventually led to the Burlington purchase was conceived two years ago. The idea of joint purchase by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern appears to have been Mr. Morgan's own. Mr. Morgan wished to buy the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul for the Chicago outlet, but, after negotiation, was unable to make the bargain. This, of course, explains the 40-point rise in St. Paul shares in the early months of 1901. It was Mr. Hill, according to Mr. Morgan, who wished to buy the Burlington, and who personally carried through the "deal." But Mr. Morgan also admitted that he had himself approved the plan to pay $200 per share for the Burlington stock. It could not, he explains, have been bought at any lower figure. It should be recalled, in this connection, that 144 was the highest price of Burlington prior to the period of the "deals." The security-holding plan, it now appears, had previously been conceived by Mr. Morgan himself for Northern Pacific shares, and by Mr. Hill for the Great Northern. The Northern Securities plan was a combination of the two.

The chief point of interest in the most recent developments regarding the Asphalt Trust's affairs is not the fact that the company is badly insolvent today, but that, apparently, it was never solvent. The cold and unfeeling report by the Audit Company, after examining the books, indicates this with entire distinctness. The National Trust really began business in October, 1900, when it absorbed the Asphalt Company of America, much in the fashion of the more recent "stock-holding companies." It issued bonds for the paid-up stock of this junior company, and assumed that concern's $30,000,000 fixed liabilities. This represented an annual fixed charge of $1,800,000, against which the company is now shown to have earned but $371,000 net in 1901, and, of course, less in 1900. The plea of the old management that its Venezuela experiment was costly, and that one subsidiary concern was a total failure, does not help matters. The truth appears to be that even if the company had not sunk the half-million dollars accounted for by these two enterprises, it would still have earned last year less than half of its fixed charges. Moreover, it may properly be asked how long it is since a company's creditors have accepted outright blunders in management as a valid excuse for bankruptcy.

It would be a pity if the National Civic Federation, with its Committee on Conciliation, should be taken advantage of by labor leaders, yet there are some indications that it is exposed to such a danger. Strikes seem in some cases to have been precipitated in the belief that the workingmen had found a new ally against the employers. Some of the moves in the threatened strike of anthracite coal miners look as if demands were made a little more exigent, or even unreasonable, in the feeling that the Civic Federation was bound to step in to reinforce the claims of the miners, or at least to prevent any great harm coming from an ill-judged strike. It is probable that the settlement of the Dayton strike, through the good offices of the Federation, with the result of "unionizing" the works there, has had the effect of making labor organizations believe that the Committee on Conciliation would always side with a trade union in a controversy. This is unfortunate. The remedy, however, is clear. It must be made certain by the wise and firm action of the Federation that its great aim is neither to bolster up nor to destroy labor unions, but simply to work for industrial peace through the cultivation of the spirit of fairness and forbearance on the part of both men and masters.

Nothing could be fairer than the settlement of the Delaware Senatorial deadlock which several prominent Republicans have offered to the Addicks faction. The proposal is, in a word, that each faction shall offer a list of ten names from which the other division of the party is to select its candidate. Naturally, the list accompanying the letter of the regular Republican State Committee does not contain the name of Addicks. There is no likelihood that he will consent to be shelved in this way, and it is only too probable that the personal ambition of a single politician of the baser sort will still deprive the State of Delaware of its voice in the Senate. Even if Mr. Addicks were a good man, or a great man misunderstood, his subordination of the dignity of his State to his own personal quarrel would be unpardonably offensive. His tools should see, if he cannot, that outraged public opinion may have in store for their leader and themselves a much worse settlement than that which has just been offered.

On January 23, Mayor Low, in replying to Dr. Parkhurst's demand for the enforcement of the Sunday-closing law, stated that "the excise law has been enforced up to the very limit of what is practicable with the means at command." On Sunday forty policemen in one precinct proved how mistaken this statement was by going out in full uniform and making eighteen arrests, as well as by reporting many excise violations in saloons to which they could not obtain entrance. Whatever may be the Mayor's attitude hereafter, it is now impossible for him or for his Police Commissioner to maintain that the Department is really exercising all its great powers to enforce that law. Nor will the old excuse, that concentrating attention upon that one will lead to the neglect of the "other mandates of the Legislature," do service on any future occasion. Those forty patrolmen had been forced by their superiors into living a "plain, unvarnished lie." Encouraged to permit violations of the law, and at the same time compelled to sign written statements that they were ignorant of any such violations on their respective beats, these men declined to carry on this farce any longer when it appeared that they might become the victims of an unrelenting District Attorney. What is to be the attitude of the Mayor and Col. Partridge now? Manifestly, they cannot punish these men for having conspired to do their whole duty, despite the opposition of superior officers, for they must know that, if the entire force were actuated by this spirit, there would be a wonderful change over night in the number of excise violations. The city is shocked at the revelations of the last few days in regard to the openness with which gambling is going on under a reform Mayor. But why should any one expect a patrolman to enforce the anti-gambling laws and not the Sunday-closing statute? The issue is momentous for Mayor Low, and is not to be glossed over.

Dr. Morrison, the Peking correspondent of the London *Times*, reports that the preliminary arrangements for the evacuation of Mantchuria have been completed, and that Russia will abandon successively the three provinces now in her control in six, twelve, and eighteen months. Such action would meet perfectly the most extreme demands of the Powers, and would remove a possible cause of friction with the Anglo-Japanese alliance. That Russia has given up her ulterior designs upon Mantchuria nobody will believe. To withdraw the garrisons temporarily may be chiefly a measure of economy and convenience. Holding Port Arthur and the railroad approaches, and leaving the memory of her Cossacks everywhere in the region, Russia can withdraw the troops without sacrificing her moral claim or her influence. The process of Russification will meanwhile go on in commercial ways, and the final absorption of Mantchuria may, barring accident, come about in the most peaceful manner. There is no insinuation of *Slavica fides* when we say that Russia will evacuate Mantchuria quite as a lumberman leaves a woodlot which he has "blazed" for the winter chopping.

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THE REVIVING OPPOSITION.

The first duty of an Opposition is to oppose. To watch and criticise and expose the proceedings of a Government is the main task of the party out of power. That this has not been well done by the Democratic Opposition for the past four years, has been one of the calamities of our party situation; that the Democrats in the present Congress have begun to see the indispensableness of it, is one of the signs of promise on the political horizon. It shows that we are at last shaking off the incubus of war.

War always demoralizes the Opposition in a country where party government exists with a parliamentary system. To criticise is "unpatriotic," in a state of war, and to oppose is treason. War simply Orientalizes politics, substituting the will of the commander-in-chief for the free voice of the people. There is a story of an Oriental potentate who determined to set up a Parliament on the approved European model. He had representatives gathered together in a great hall of his palace, and he or his viziers explained to them the advantages of Parliamentary government, and said, "It will all be arranged; one side will sit with the Government on the Government side, and the other will sit on the Opposition side." Thereupon the members broke silence and demanded with one voice which was the Government side, and, on being shown it, they threw themselves in a hurry on the benches of the Government. That is practically what has become of the English Opposition during the Boer war, and it is substantially what has happened to the Democratic Opposition since our war with Spain. But there is cheering evidence that the long lethargy is breaking up, and that we are getting again at Washington a party of alert criticism, swift to discover the joints in the harness of the Government, quick to take advantage of tactical or political mistakes by the party in power, and ready to discharge the public duty of letting the country know what its rulers are doing. The debates on the Philippine bills and the discussion of the Cuban bill, thus far, indicate a decided revivification of an American Opposition.

The party in Opposition has, however, a second duty fully as important as that of keeping sleepless watch upon the party in power and subjecting all its measures to the most searching criticism. It must also endeavor, as Mr. Asquith recently said of English Liberalism, to "convince and, if it can, to convert the judgment of the country." That is, it must offer both men and measures as alternative to those of the party carrying on the Government. It must show that it has an administrative and political programme of its own. Leaders are, of course, the first requisite. The process of ousting a Government is practically that of gaining the confidence of the electorate, and confidence is a thing won by and given to men, not measures. However disgusted the voters may become with the leaders of the Government, they will take a good look at the leaders of the Opposition before deciding to substitute them for the others. It would not be strange, indeed, if the Democrats should think that all that is necessary to do is to let Payne and Henderson, Hanna and Frye, have rope enough to hang both themselves and their party. These skilled architects of Republican disaster are, in truth, doing splendid work for the Democracy. But it still remains the fact that a party cannot get into power purely on the blunders of its opponents. It must have orators and leaders of its own to persuade the country that a change of personnel would improve the Government.

In this particular, the Democracy has undeniably been and still is weak. At the time of the break-up of English parties a half-century ago, it was said that the Whigs were a set of statesmen without a party, while the Tories were a fine party without statesmen. The latter plight has been, and remains to an unfortunate extent, that of the Democratic party. It is a party in search of a leader. He has not yet been found, but at least the process of getting rid of the blind party leaders of the blind is going on hopefully. The retirement of Senator Jones, which seems to be assured as a result of the Arkansas Senatorial primaries, could not easily lead to the promotion of a more unfit Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. He can be spared to great advantage, and it is certain that repudiation by his own State would be the end of him politically. The younger and more aggressive Senators of his party have grown very weary of his masterly inefficiency. One of them recently asked a Southern Senator whose wit yet gleams out in the midst of bodily decay, if he did not think that Jones was about the biggest humbug that the South had ever sent to the Senate. "Well, I am bound to tell you," was the reply, "that I am very strongly committed myself to Morgan!"

Although no strong and inspiring Democratic leader has yet arisen, it must be granted that the work of framing an alternative governmental programme is, nevertheless, being well done by the Democratic Opposition in Congress. We have before commented upon the constructive proposals for a solution of the Philippine problem which the Democratic Senators have submitted and supported with so great a weight of argument. Monday's proceedings in the Ways and Means Committee show that the Democratic members are equally prepared to construct as well as to criticise, and to offer amendments which will serve the purpose not only of embarrassing the Republicans, but of revealing to the country a more excellent way. Mr. Richardson's motions to amend were exceedingly shrewd. They were all rejected in committee, of course, but they will be urged again on the floor of the House. Then the Republican party will be compelled to go on record either for or against the policy of removing duties on articles made or controlled by a monopoly, as also on commodities which are manufactured in the United States and sold abroad cheaper than at home. It will likewise have to face the separate questions of what to do with the duties on steel products, and also on wood pulp "suitable for or adapted to the manufacture of printing-paper." The newspapers will have something to say to Representative or party that goes wrong on that issue. In any case, all these tokens of a reviving Opposition are most welcome. The Republicans themselves have professed to desire a stronger Opposition for their own good. May they not be disappointed.

GOVERNOR AND LEGISLATURE.

We put the Governor first, in reckoning up the work of the New York Legislature, because he is properly first. Everybody who looks behind legal fictions to the real fact, knows that Gov. Odell is now substantially the Government of this State. Sir Robert Peel once objected in the Commons to being called the Government of Great Britain; he was but the servant of the House, etc. But the retort was made, and it was a fair one, that as long as he acted as though he were the Government, he could not complain of being treated as if he were. Gov. Odell has not only acted as if he were in control of the Legislature; he actually has been. It was clear, for example, that the bill for reorganizing the management of the hospitals for the insane was passed through an unwilling Legislature under orders from the Executive Chamber. This and other incidents of the session made it evident that the Governor is entitled to say, "The Legislature, *c'est moi.*"

Of course, he does not say this. Such Louis Quatorze airs would offend our stern republicanism, which clings to the form, even if the substance is gone. But the truth is none the less transparently clear. Gov. Odell both blocked out and determined the main part of the work of the Legislature, so that its effect upon his prestige and prospects is the earliest question which a review of the session raises. And we speak only the opinion of all candid observers when we say that the Governor stands in a somewhat less commanding and enviable position than that he held at the close of the Legislature of 1901. It is not that his power is appreciably shaken—he remains master; but in his mastery he has shown less of his old cool poise. He has been testy at times. He has vacillated in some important matters, and acted as if

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he were not sure of his ground; and a few of his pet measures he has had to abandon.

To the Legislature of 1901 the Governor's message was a legislative programme. Scarce a single recommendation of his failed of enactment into law. He burst upon the State, and upon the nation, as a public man of extraordinary powers; and his firm grasp of the business of the State, his resolute economies, his fruitful measures of taxation, gave him a reputation and an authority almost unequalled. This year, however, either his skill or his fortune has failed him somewhat. His proposal of a recording tax for mortgages, with subsequent exemption, was knocked about in the Legislature, battered into unrecognizable shape, and then left to die. Similarly his recommendations of canal legislation miscarried. As for his plans for reorganizing the State charitable institutions, they had partly to be radically remodelled, while those of them that became law did so only after a great amount of friction in the Legislature, and of ill feeling among some of the most philanthropic people in the State. Yet, as it stands, Gov. Odell's achievement this year is remarkable. It suffers only by contrast with his fairly sensational success of a year ago.

A great man's failures have been said to be more instructive than a small man's successes. In that light, there is much to be learned from the limitations which Gov. Odell has exhibited and the mistakes he has made. His proposed mortgage legislation failed for lack of the Governor's having accurately measured rural prejudices on that subject. This is the more surprising as, if there was anything he was supposed to know thoroughly, it was what people "up State" thought. His bills for changing the control of the charitable institutions were not only ill-advised, but badly advocated, and were put through under an unfortunate appearance of compulsion from the Governor's office. In this matter he obviously neglected to ascertain the sentiments of the people most interested in the care of the State's dependent population. The result was indignation on their part which a Governor as skilful as Mr. Odell was thought to be, should have known how to avoid exciting. His canal legislation fell helplessly between two stools, in a way reflecting little credit on either Governor or Legislature.

As we have said, with all abatements made, the net result of the legislative session is commendable. There have been no scandals. The Governor has worked in harmony with Mayor Low as regards all bills affecting the city's interests. So far as we know, there has been no unwise charter-tinkering or interference with municipal home rule. Neither Gov. Odell nor the Legislature would lift a finger to help the city to a better excise law; but as our municipal Administration does not appear to know its own mind on that subject, we do not perceive that the Albany authorities can be greatly blamed for inaction. In purely State affairs, on the other hand, the Legislature has lived up very closely to Gov. Odell's programme of economy and reduced taxation. By holding down appropriations, and finding new sources of income, the State tax has been cut down to the lowest figure in our history. When we add that the session was the shortest for more than a hundred years, we see how true it is that the New York Democrats will need to deserve to succeed by the excellence of their candidates and the sincerity of their professions, if they are to have any hope of dislodging the Republican party next fall, after so creditable a legislative and executive performance.

CONTROL OF "HALF BILLION" CORPORATIONS.

Mr. J. P. Morgan's view of the practical working of a $400,000,000 corporation, as set forth in his testimony on Wednesday week, merits the widest possible discussion. It may be called the authoritative exposition of the purpose underlying the present extensive corporation mergers. In a word, Mr. Morgan holds that stable control is the prime requisite for the welfare of modern corporations; that it can be guaranteed only by fixing the share capital at so large a figure that no outsider can buy up a majority; and that a capital of $400,000,000, such as the Northern Securities possesses, is sufficiently large to insure that result.

These three points suggest in turn three queries, which must be answered before the "security-holding" plan receives unqualified assent. First, is or is not stability of control an advantage in itself? Second, how is beneficent and wise management to be guaranteed by such stability? Third, what proof is there that future "contests for control" will be averted, even with a capital stock of half a billion dollars?

Generally speaking, stable control of a great corporation is an obvious advantage. The shareholder knows, with sufficient accuracy, what is the policy of such a management, and can judge the worth of his investment accordingly. Those railroads whose controlling interest has for many years remained virtually the same, are in most cases classed with the conservative investment properties. If they fail, it is more likely to be due to antiquated methods, or what is popularly called "dry-rot" in management, than to rash experiments or stock-jobbing manipulation. But Mr. Morgan's proposition provides absolutely no remedy for a possibly incompetent or dishonest management. His hypothesis is that no rival interest could, under any circumstances, secure control of a $400,000,000 corporation. This would, of course, exclude an opposition interest bent on beneficent reform. In his testimony, Mr. Morgan referred, very properly, to the work of his firm in establishing sound financial methods, and to the fact that, though it virtually dominates the Northern Securities now, it may at some future period dissolve or withdraw. Who is to guarantee an equally conservative successor? The answer probably would be, that, in so serious a matter, conservatism will govern; and it would, perhaps, permanently prevent accession to control by a band of wreckers. But it cannot guarantee an existing management, or its successor, against mistaken policies. In the corporate history of the past, such errors, if persisted in, excited opposition which, through the banding together of shareholders, ended by ousting the blunderers from control. Apparently, Mr. Morgan's theory would destroy this remedy; for if such a reform movement could gain control of a $400,000,000 corporation, there is surely no guarantee that any rival interest, offering inducements for a change, could not.

This, then, is the dilemma—either the company's shareholders have no real protection against mismanagement, or else the assumption of absolute stability of control is incorrect. Our own feeling is, that the first of the two alternatives is the more formidable. A very little time ago a capital of $90,000,000 seemed as enormous as a capital of $400,000,000 seems to-day—for ideas have expanded in the interval. Every one who has watched industrial finance during the two past years, will recall the peculiar performances of the managers of the $90,000,000 Steel and Wire Trust, and the wholly abortive effort to dislodge them. Yet there is no reason to suppose that they, any more than the present Steel Corporation management, owned an actual majority of the stock. Nor do we have to go back to stock-jobbing boards for examples. The United States Steel Corporation itself has just embarked on a fiscal experiment which a large part of its shareholding constituency disapproves. The substitution of $200,000,000 in bonds for share capital, and the tampering with the fundamental law of New Jersey incorporations to facilitate it, are moves which, in a small corporation, where free discussion had a hearing, might easily have been vetoed.

Let us suppose a management which should go even further in the scheme of piling fixed indebtedness on a corporation's shoulders—what then? The truth is, as it appears to us, that instead of absolute assurance of safety for the future, some of the greatest safeguards with which all corporations have hitherto been surrounded would be found to have been removed. We do not go

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into the question whether the public will consent indefinitely to the perpetual control of this mass of capital by people who do not actually own even a majority of it, and who in no real sense represent the body of investors. But the fact is not to be ignored that, with the extinction of private ownership, in the old-fashioned meaning of the term, the plan of Government ownership necessarily gets a lift. Furthermore, it must be recognized that Mr. Morgan's own idea of perpetual control, by a minority interest, of a body of enterprises so vast as presumably to defy competition, does not help matters with the courts. For if this advantage can be attained by a $400,000,000 company better than with one of $50,000,000, then, clearly, a "ten-billion company" will approach still nearer to the ideal. In other words, the query of Mr. Justice Brown, whether the Northern Securities might not eventually own all the railways of the United States, becomes highly pertinent.

These are questions which must be soberly considered by the public, because the problem with which they have to do has only begun to vex us, and if it is to be met by judicial or legislative restraint, no time ought to be lost in setting about it. The "security-holding plan" is believed to avert the financial and industrial chaos of the Gould and Drew "campaigns." To that extent, it marks a real advance in security. But are we, after all, so sure that "contests for control" are past for ever with our mammoth corporations? "What do you think of a four-hundred-million corporation?"—Mr. Morgan is reported to have asked the lawyers, when they insisted on the magnitude of a $10,000,000 "deal." Half a dozen years ago, however, we imagine that any one who had talked in Wall Street of a "contest" in which one American banking house bought $15,000,000 stock in a single week and another $78,000,000—each on its individual account—and in which a $100,000,000 stock was cornered, would have been listened to with either bewilderment or ridicule. What absolute guarantee have we that firms, which can raise, on short notice, for a contest for control, nearly a hundred millions capital to-day, may not be able, two or three years hence, to raise two or three hundred millions?

CECIL RHODES AS A TYPE.

In Kinglake's history of the Crimean war, he closes one chapter with an account of the death of Marshal St.-Arnaud. The French commander, with a reputation for cruelty in North Africa and for open political crime in Paris, came to his end with all the consolations of religion about him, and amid sympathetic tributes from the allied nations. Kinglake records all this quietly, and then adds the single mordant sentence, "The manner of man he was, I have before told." Similarly would we now turn aside from the merely personal aspects of the life of Cecil Rhodes. Those we have freely set down and commented upon in his lifetime. The manner of man he was, we have told our readers before. All that remains is to attempt to place him in the age in which he lived; to show how he was a true child of it, typifying some of its largest forces; and thus to essay a little of what Rousseau called the most difficult form of philosophy—the observation of what is going on under our eyes.

Rhodes typifies his time in his calm assumption of the unlimited power of money as such. This was one of his working maxims. To the cynical saying attributed to Walpole, "Every man has his price," Cecil Rhodes made the triumphant addendum, "And I have that price." There has probably not been another case of a man so deliberately seeking wealth as a means of securing political power. For riches merely as a possession, Rhodes seems to have had something like contempt. That was a part of his large-mindedness. Vulgar ostentation of wealth was not for him. He had vast conceptions, mighty ambitions; and "how," he asked, "can you carry out your ideas without money?" So he sought and won his millions. He had no advantage of birth or station. He had to make himself, as the Spaniards say, "a son of his own works," and his first work was the amassing of a glittering fortune. With that as a fulcrum, he believed that he could move the world. And he did, or seemed to. The English world of politics gravitated to him. Dukes competed to be on his directorates. Royalty itself clasped his hand effusively, even when he came to London to stand trial as an international criminal.

Now, in all this, there was nothing peculiar to Rhodes, except as he had peculiar opportunities and a vast field. He was only a man of his day. All the world over, men have been struggling, as he did, and at the same time that he did, for the command of the power which great wealth gives. It is simply the continuing effort to replace the feudal system, the aristocracy of birth and rank, with what we have to call—though the name has bad associations—the plutocracy. The process began long ago. The Fuggers and the De Witts and the Medici showed, hundreds of years ago, the possibilities of a new line of princes—the merchant princes; and their enormous multiplication to-day speaks only of the increased opportunities in the modern world to accumulate great fortunes.

There is surely nothing blameworthy in this *per se*. Power for power, there is as much reason why the man should have it who has carved his way to wealth, as the man whose remote ancestor carved the heads of the Paynim, or who is descended from a king's mistress. The only vital question is whether it is possible to moralize the new plutocracy, so as to make it more efficient than the decadent old aristocracy. That question cannot yet be said to be settled. Many shining examples of the noble use of money make us hopeful that great wealth will come to be associated with *virtus* (not the Machiavellian *virtù*) as well as power. But Mr. Rhodes's case is one of those to make us hesitate, to throw us back upon the conviction that human nature, after all, does not change greatly in the course of the ages, and that a position won by the remorseless manipulation of business or the stock market may be made to serve as bad ends as that of a dictator by grace of the sword. Not even a funeral lauder of Cecil Rhodes can say that he, like the Happy Warrior of Wordsworth,

> "——made his moral being his prime care."

This magnate of South Africa undoubtedly had a large way of looking to the future of that country, just as he had large and fruitful schemes of money-making, but in both it seemed to be the game and not the winnings that most absorbed him. In this, too, his figure is a typical one. The speculative excitement, the gambler's thrill, the interest in the rise and fall of stocks as if they were so many chance-flung or trickily "forced" cards, bringing good or ill luck—this is a well-marked feature of "this thing they call high finance" in our day. It is a deep and complicated play. The Gateses and the Lawsons "plunge" in the market with the same delightful sense of taking great risks that a gambler has in backing his favorite or trying to break the bank. We have recently seen the inherent affinities between Monte Carlo and a billion-dollar Trust. It is often the pleasure of the game, the feverish interest of pursuit, which seems to dominate the large speculators of the time more than any other motive. Rules of the game? Why, the first, last, and only rule is to win. Rhodes appears to have known something of these high excitements of playing the game, with provinces for stakes. He gambled with dignity, and with millions dependent on the fall of the cards, yet he showed the true aleatory instinct so common among the unscrupulous speculators of the day. Lord Rosebery has been said to be, in his Imperialism, only Mr. Chamberlain, *édition de luxe*. In like manner Cecil Rhodes was a sort of Jay Gould, *édition de luxe*.

Nor can we end without remarking how Mr. Rhodes was a faithful reflex of his generation in the fine name which he devised for the rapacity, the cruelty, the disregard of both moral and legal obligations, which his methods involved. He was an "empire-builder." He

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worked for the British flag—that "chief commercial asset," as he once called it, in an unconscious revelation of his mind. If he was a true Imperialist, the argument was, that if he was extending the bounds of his country's sway, neither his motives nor his acts must be too closely scrutinized. He could wrest lands from the natives, he could force them into practical slavery, he could march over corpses to his goal—and no questions must be asked if he was, all the while, "pegging out claims for old England." It is not for Americans to condemn in another what they allow in themselves, by throwing a stone at the Englishman who serves to show them the true nature and inevitably hypocrisies of that Imperialism upon which they are to-day invited to enter. From him and his conceptions, now gone to the infallible judgment of history, we turn, for refreshment and reminder, to that saying of another Englishman, John Stuart Mill, which puts the sufficient brand upon all the current excuses of our shamefaced Imperialists: "I am not aware that any community has a right to force another to be civilized."

COLLEGE VACATIONS.

Dr. Charles S. Minot of the Harvard Medical School calls attention, in *Science*, to the notable shortening of the academic working year. He has tabulated the vacation periods of twelve representative universities and of three technical schools, and finds that none of them, except the University of Chicago, are in session for more than two-thirds of the calendar year. Differing considerably in the recess allowed at Christmas and Easter, they all agree in making the working year consist of thirty-five weeks or less. Columbia, for example, is in term for thirty-two working weeks. Johns Hopkins and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are together at thirty-three; Yale, Brown, Princeton, the University of Michigan, and Cornell practically concur, within a few days, in a year of thirty-four weeks; Harvard is exceptional at thirty-five, while the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute enjoys a solitary distinction at thirty-six. It should be remembered, in considering these statistics, that several days at the beginning of the term are days of grace. Registration is going on, and professors are coming round at their leisure to initial lectures. On the other hand, ceremonial of one kind and another occupies several days after the year's work has been completed, so that we must assume that the working period of an American university is nearer thirty than thirty-three weeks—the apparent average. From these figures, Dr. Minot concludes that "the amount of university vacation is very excessive. . . . With the vacation shortened, it would be easily possible to bring young men into active life a year earlier than is now possible, and that would be an immense gain."

The question is complicated by the fact that two quite distinct classes of students, with possibly different needs, so far as vacations are concerned, are now dealt with as a single class. Graduate students and professors generally need the long vacation, not only for recuperation, but for freer work than is possible in term. The process of preparing candidates for the doctorate is not unlike that by which *foie gras* is brought about in the geese of Strassburg; and the moral relief of an occasional long period, in which the graduate student, with lectures and the routine of his seminar left behind, is free to be his own man, seems almost indispensable. University professors, too, rarely spend the long vacation in idleness. It is their time for travel and for consecutive research, for visiting great libraries and foreign institutions of learning. The proper utilization of this time is the condition of intellectual growth and of enhanced usefulness.

With the undergraduate student, however, the case bears a different aspect. It is doubtful if the really ambitious student wishes to suspend his studies for four months and more every year, and it is questionable whether these long, idle summers are not an excessive luxury even for the average well-groomed, indolent student of our Eastern colleges. Long ago President Thwing found in these long periods of idleness a demoralizing influence which made itself felt throughout the year. It is noteworthy that the German Gymnasia and Realschulen—educational organizations vastly more efficient than the American college—are limited to a total vacation period of ten and a half weeks, of which the long vacation rarely takes more than eight. There is no question that a vacation of this duration is plenty long enough for the average young man of college age.

The obvious reform of reducing the college vacation to two months, and of gaining in all some seven or eight weeks to the working year, is, in spite of its theoretical desirability, almost impracticable. Such an innovation might be attempted at the smaller colleges, which have no graduate department, but here the howl which would arise from the engaging sons of wealthy parents, and the earnest if less vociferous protest of fagged-out professors, may be easily imagined. In many senses the older colleges are becoming a kind of annex to society. The vacations must be compatible with summer flights to Europe, and it is possible that in the future the early salmon fishing and the late trouting may as thoroughly regulate our academic calendars as the shooting does the sessions of the English Parliament.

Quite aside from such considerations, at the universities where graduate, professional, and undergraduate curricula tend more and more to overlap, and the same professor teaches in several schools, any shortening of the vacation period is difficult for administrative reasons. The best interests of the graduate schools require the longer period, and the undergraduate department is simply carried along. It may be said that this confusion of collegiate with university education, which is highly illogical, is also essentially vicious; and many feel that college education in this country needs a thorough reorganization, in which its integrity and historic character shall weigh at least equally with the necessity for preparing students for subsequent professional studies. But such speculations regard a remote future. There is no immediate likelihood that any of the colleges will take the sensible step of lengthening their working year. The colleges which have had the ill fortune to engender a progeny of university departments cannot well do so, for in all such instances university outweigh collegiate interests. The desirable shortening of the educational period, then, will not, for the present at least, come about through lengthening the working year at the colleges. Educators must set themselves to what is, after all, the root of the matter—the improvement of the quality of instruction. More must be put into the college year. This is the true way of saving the student's time, and there would be no gain in adding few or many weeks to a "working year" which for many students is virtually one long vacation.

THE POETIC PLAY IN THE LONDON THEATRE.

LONDON, March, 1902.

To put on the stage of two West End theatres two long plays in verse, by the same author—the one founded on a Greek poem, the other on an Italian—seems, it must be admitted, rather a risky thing to do, now that music halls and light musical comedies are all the vogue. And yet we have Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses" at Her Majesty's and his "Paolo and Francesca" at the St. James's; and the extraordinary part of it is that both are proving such a success that there is every probability of their running all through the season—the Coronation season. But, remembering "Herod," I was not so sure the risk was as great as it seemed, and my curiosity has carried me to see both plays. What did I find?

Let me explain at once that I have read neither one nor the other. I preferred to judge them entirely as dramas. But, as they have been published and already read by most people, I need not describe the plots in detail. In "Ulysses" Mr. Phillips has taken a few episodes from the Odyssey and strung them together so as to make a play exactly suited to Mr. Tree's requirements. Mr. Tree's talent as actor is for

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make-up; as stage-manager, for the sort of Drury Lane effects that force a gasp of astonishment from the audience as the curtain goes up. No one could have catered better to this talent than Mr. Phillips. He shows us the Greek hero first bewitched on the island of Calypso; next—with an intermediate glimpse of Penelope besieged by the suitors—descending into Hades; and last, arriving in rags on the shores of his native Ithaca, and then, in splendid armor, slaying the suitors in the banqueting hall of his own palace. Moreover, Mr. Phillips shows Ulysses as the sport of chance, or, rather, of the gods. The play opens with a prologue on Mount Olympus, where the gods sit in council, and, throughout, Ulysses is but a pawn in the not over capable hands of Pallas Athene.

To crowd the adventures of the Odyssey into three acts, to arrange them so as to suggest any human interest, any revelation of character, any passion, would, perhaps, be an almost superhuman feat. Mr. Phillips, whose chief merit is that he understands his own limitations and makes the most of them, has wisely not attempted the impossible. He has provided Mr. Tree with ample occasion for change of costume and as little necessity for acting; he has been still more lavish in the opportunities offered for ingenious scenery and spectacular splendor. "Herod" was a melodrama; "Ulysses" is a pantomime; there is all the difference. Indeed, when the curtain rose on the Prologue in Olympus, I almost wondered if Mr. Phillips meant the whole thing as a joke, and was not laughing up his sleeve at the simplicity of the public. The gods have replaced the Drury Lane fairies, but otherwise it might be the beginning of the national Christmas entertainment. There they sit in the approved traditional costume, talking in the traditional rhymed couplets of pantomime; Athene comes up through a trap-door, Zeus hurls his thunderbolt, and the electric light flies across the stage. The second scene, on Calypso's Island, is the excuse for a ballet. There is a song to enliven the revels in the palace where Penelope waits and suffers. Hades is pure spectacle, recalling the Brocken scene in Irving's "Faust," but not so well done. At the beginning of the last act there is a little episode that makes one doubt whether, after all, Mr. Phillips did not aim at something more serious than pantomime. Ulysses, on his return, is recognized by the old swineherd, Eumæus, and the part happens to be played by Mr. Lionel Brough, who, though he makes no claim to special distinction, does understand that the business of the actor is to act. But when the swineherd's hut is left for the palace hall, it is spectacle again, and now with a good strong touch of melodrama thrown in.

This, in brief, is the play Mr. Phillips has made of the Odyssey. It is without life, without passion; a dialogue in verses upon which to hang a succession of gorgeous or impressive stage pageants. Mr. Phillips is usually praised, even by his least ardent admirers, for his dramatic construction. But, really, in this case, it is very much the sort of construction Mr. Crummles asked of his authors; only, instead of a pump and wash-tubs, Mr. Tree and his clever scene-painters have to be written around. If the verse were beautiful, the plot would matter less. Everybody has been to the Comédie-Française where the one pleasure was in the actor's musical delivery of musical lines. But what Mr. Phillips's verse is, you have no means of judging at Her Majesty's. The English actor has still to master the most elementary tricks of his trade and to learn how to use his voice. There remains but the spectacle, upon which no trouble has been spared—I have heard even archæologists approve the palace of Ulysses. Mr. Tree knows that spectacle is just what people want, and he gives it without stint.

In "Paolo and Francesca," the subject should allow greater chance of human interest. But, curiously, the result is as lifeless, as emotionless. The wonder is that Mr. Phillips could remain so cold, that he was not stirred, as he wrote, by the story of the lovers whom Dante has made types of youthful passion for all time. But he seems ever the well-trained showman, dangling his puppets, with one eye on the wires, the other on the audience. He has to build up a plot about the scene with the book—the book of Guinevere and Launcelot—that Dante has presented him ready-made. And so, he has introduced the character of Lucrezia, Giovanni's kinswoman, the childless widow, at first hard and bitter in her envy of Francesca, the possible mother of children whose little pattering feet will be heard in the grim castle, and then as fierce in her love when Francesca offers herself as child. He has introduced a "drug-seller" who savors overmuch of the apothecary at Mantua. And he has not read his Maeterlinck in vain. Again and again, as you watch the action, you find yourself thinking with regret of "Pelléas and Mélisande." Altogether, there is a distinct attempt at a plot—at something more than a succession of scenes through which the hero swaggers. But it leaves you as cold as Mr. Phillips himself. You are never carried away; you are as intent upon the wires as the author. There is not a thrill in Lucrezia's lengthy lamentation over her childlessness—you know too well she is there to provide a second good part for the accomplished or popular ladies in Mr. Alexander's company. There is nothing to clutch at your heart-strings in Paolo's visit to the apothecary and his demand for the poison that alone can save him from a love meaning dishonor to his brother. And how appalling is the comic relief, what a false note it strikes, how obviously it is designed to drag out the play to the necessary time limit of three hours! And, indeed, what plot there is evidently has seemed so thin to Mr. Alexander that he, as well as Mr. Tree, relies on spectacle to assure the play the long run that alone can repay him for his trouble. And so there are wedding processions and wedding hymns, a crowded stage and gorgeous costumes. A scene at a wayside inn, with its peasant maidens trooping in, its rakish soldier's song, its clinking and jangling of armor, is for all the world like a bit out of a comic opera. In a word, from beginning to end, there is but one episode that seems something more than an ingenious piece of stagecraft, and this you see through a glamour of poetry, of old emotions and associations, that makes you forget for a moment Mr. Phillips's puppets before you to remember the passion-born lovers of Dante and of the poets who, since, have told their love again in words or in paint.

Paolo and Francesca meet in a garden in the pale light of dawn; they sit and read the fatal book on a marble seat surrounded and overhung with roses; they wear beautiful clothes, and Miss Millard, the Francesca, is graceful, while Mr. Ainley, the Paolo—a priggish lover for the most part—manages to pose with equal charm; the result is a stage picture well designed. But if thus calmly their passion shook them, would the tragedy ever have been written—would Giovanni, in the next act, have entered with hands steeped in their blood? Mr. Arthur Symons, in his criticism of the play, has admirably expressed the weakness of this one scene, the very basis of the tragedy:

"The two lovers do but recite to one another, either out of the book or out of their own heads; they sit together, look lovely, and speak melodiously; but it is Mr. Frank Dicksee's lovers who sit there, not Rossetti's."

And what of the verse? Why do I say nothing of it? Because, as with the verse of "Ulysses," there is nothing to say. Those who have read the book quietly at home have the advantage of me in this respect. Verse can be bellowed, sung, whined, murdered by the English actor, but not spoken. Mr. Alexander, as Giovanni, does his best and works very hard, but, not content with his own shortcomings, he is borrowing Sir Henry Irving's—even to the Irving stride and the Irving grunt. Miss Millard's voice, as Mr. Symons says, is melodious, and to me the pleasantest thing in the play, but only in the garden scene could I follow the words as she spoke them. Miss Elizabeth Robins, the Lucrezia, has more control of her voice, but I fancy she finds the prose of Ibsen easier to manage, because more sympathetic.

Impossible, it may be thought, that two plays, empty as the "Ulysses" and the "Paolo and Francesca" of my description, should meet with such success. In neither subject is there anything that makes for popularity with an English audience, and, as a rule, with a few notorious exceptions, poetry is doomed to failure on the modern stage. True enough. But I have written in vain if I have not explained that neither is to be considered as a play; it is the spectacle the public wishes to see. There is another reason. A *claque* in the English theatre, the critic boasts, would not be endured for a moment. But Mr. Phillips has had such a deafening *claque* in the English press as does not often delight the ears of the minor poet. He has his admirers who, I am told, cannot speak of him but in solemn whispers as "The Bard," and some of these admirers enjoy the freedom of the daily paper and the monthly review. His portrait now hangs in every bookseller's window in London. He is the man of the hour, and accepted as are so many other things, in and out of the theatre, once they have been enough talked about.

In the other theatres just now, managers are less ambitious. In one, old-fashioned sentiment, laid on thick, and called "Mice and Men," holds the boards, and a long run is predicted for Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliot, who are playing it. In another, it is a comedy, "Frocks and Frills," that sets the fashions for all the

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women in town, who are turning to it for hints before they buy their spring clothes. In a third, English versions of French plays, carefully edited by a scrupulous censor who accepts "Paolo and Francesca" without flinching, are having their little day. American farces and musical extravaganzas are everywhere, and, really, though I have diligently made the rounds, the only two plays that strike me as having the least merit are "Sherlock Holmes" and "Arizona," also American, and played by American companies. The reason is simple. Take "Arizona," for instance; it is honest melodrama, and pretends to be nothing else; it is good of its kind, for melodrama it has even a certain freshness, and it is performed not by puppets, but by actors and actresses who, if none is above the average, all have some life in them, and play with a go, a gayety, and an apparent belief in what they are doing, that, I, for one, found delightful after the prosing and mouthing and shamming of the gods and mortals who fill the stage in "Ulysses."

But the English theatre has sunk into a slough of despond, and I do not think the state is likely to drag it out again. The state-aided theatre in France has long and fine traditions behind it. The English National Theatre would be without traditions, and, if it fell into the hands of the enthusiasts whose societies were intended to bring about the much-needed reform, the hopes of its creating traditions of the drama as an art for coming generations would be small. The Stage Society has never been as enterprising as Mr. Tree or Mr. Alexander. What has it done of interest this winter except to produce "Mrs. Warren's Profession," one of Mr. Shaw's "unpleasant plays," for which it was difficult to find a manager who would lend his theatre or an actress who would take the principal part? The objection, however, is not the unpleasantness—that is a manner of speaking; the trouble is, it is not a play but a moral debate, and, from the dramatic standpoint, there is every reason why it should be rejected by a capable manager. Enterprise, really, is not the unknown quantity, nor is it the good play. The more you go to the theatre in England, professional or amateur, the more you realize that it is the good actor who is wanted. And I am afraid not even a National Theatre can produce the good actor at a word. N. N.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.—I.

PARIS, March 14, 1902.

M. Joseph Turquan has, for a time, abandoned the Empresses and Princesses of whom he makes himself the biographer, for a simple lady, Madame Récamier; but was she not a queen of beauty? His new volume is, in many senses, far more interesting than its predecessors, and I believe that it was written with more care and attention. Facts speak loudly enough in the case of the Empress Josephine, of the Duchess d'Abrantès, the former heroines of M. Turquan; with Madame Récamier the case is different—the art of guessing, of insinuating, has to be used; and M. Turquan uses it, not always without success, always in a highly critical, if not malevolent spirit. This constant effort has left its impress on his work, and gives it an interest which is often wanting in the other volumes of the series, "Souveraines et Grandes Dames."

Madame Récamier was the only daughter of M. Bernard, originally a notary at Lyons, and afterwards a tax-collector in Paris. She was born in Lyons on December 4, 1777, and was married in Paris to M. Récamier on the 5th Floréal, first year of Liberty (April 24, 1793), on the very day when the populace carried Marat in triumph through the streets of the capital. There was no religious ceremony; the civil marriage took place, almost in solitude, at the Hôtel de Ville. Madame Bernard had procured a place for her husband in Paris through the influence of M. de Calonne, who was a friend of hers, and had thrown him in the society of the bankers. One of the chief frequenters of her house was M. Récamier, the son of a hat-merchant of Lyons, who had made a fortune and become a banker in Paris. M. Récamier was forty-two years old when he married the girl, who was only fifteen years old, and whom he had for many years been accustomed to treat as a child.

The reasons for this marriage have always been enveloped in mystery. M. Turquan goes boldly into a delicate subject, and says that M. Récamier never claimed his marital rights, and it does not appear that she claimed hers.

"Their tie," wrote Madame Lenormant [Madame Récamier's own niece, who published, many years ago, two volumes under the title, 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier'], was never anything but superficial; Madame Récamier received nothing from her husband but his name. This may seem astonishing, but I am not bound to explain it; I can only attest it, as all could have attested it who, having known M. and Madame Récamier, shared her intimacy. M. Récamier never had any but paternal relations with his wife, and always treated the young and innocent child who bore his name merely as a daughter, whose beauty flattered his eyes and whose celebrity flattered his vanity."

Madame Lenormant says elsewhere in her book: "She missed the affections which are the true felicity and the true dignity of a woman; she was neither a wife nor a mother, and, her empty heart pining for tenderness and devotion, found some satisfaction for this need of love in the homage of a passionate admiration whose language pleased her ears." In the lifetime of Madame Récamier, it was said, or rather whispered, that she had married a man who was her father. M. Récamier was a man of pleasure, and all the details we know about Bernard and his wife favor a suspicion that Madame Bernard had received more than usual attentions from M. Récamier.

M. Récamier gave to his young and charming wife all that fortune could give—not at first, during the days of the Terror, when it was dangerous to appear rich, but after the ninth Thermidor. M. Récamier, who had been so prudent during the bloody days of the reign of Robespierre as to show himself among the witnesses of the executions which took place daily, seems to have been what is called in our time an opportunist. Perhaps he assisted at the execution of Robespierre and his friends; at any rate, he stood very well with the Thermidorians, and his fortune increased rapidly, as he became a large army contractor.

During the Directory, Madame Récamier became one of the queens of Paris. Her husband took her to Barras. Madame Lenormant defends her niece energetically against the imputation of having moved in the society of the famous Director; but she confesses that she had to go once to the Luxembourg, where Barras lived, in the spring of 1799, some time before Bonaparte threw the Directory to the winds. The papers of the time gave a detailed account of the feast at which Madame Récamier appeared, and at which some complimentary verses were read to her. If Madame Récamier allowed her husband to take her to Barras, she certainly knew nothing about the army contracts. She was young and inexperienced; she lived at a time and in a society where all social rules had become very loose. She met Madame Tallien, Madame Bonaparte, wherever she went. Sainte-Beuve, who treats Madame Récamier very kindly in his 'Causeries du Lundi,' says, however, in speaking of this period of her life: "To conform to the truth, I must lower my tone a little, and descend for a moment from that ideal height of Laura and Beatrice where people are accustomed to place her."

It was probably at the house of Barras, says M. Turquan, that Madame Récamier made the acquaintance of the famous Madame de Staël. This acquaintance developed rapidly into a great friendship. Madame Récamier herself thought it necessary to explain its origin differently. Her husband bought M. Necker's hôtel, which Madame de Staël wished to sell.

"One day—and this day was an epoch in my life," says Madame Récamier, in a note which she communicated long afterwards to Benjamin Constant, "M. Récamier arrived at Clichy [where the Récamiers had a château] with a lady whom he did not name, and whom he left alone with me in the drawing-room while he joined several persons in the park. This lady came to talk about the sale of a house. Her dress was singular. . . . I took her for a foreigner. I was struck by the beauty of her eyes and by her look; I could not understand what I felt. . . . She told me, with a penetrating grace, that she was charmed to know me; that M. Necker was her father. I then recognized Madame de Staël. I did not hear the rest of her phrase; I blushed; my embarrassment was extreme. I had just read her 'Letters on Rousseau' with a passionate interest. One felt at once in her a perfectly natural and a superior person. On her part she fixed on me her great eyes with a kindly curiosity, and addressed to my face compliments which would have seemed exaggerated if they had not seemed to flow from her."

This first meeting, as described, not without real literary talent, by Madame Récamier, resembles much what between lovers is called the "coup de foudre."

M. Récamier bought the Hôtel Necker, and had it arranged and furnished in the best style of the Directory, a style which afterwards was called the Empire style. Madame Récamier gave parties, received the literary men of the time, such as La Harpe, Lemontey; political men, such as Camille Jordan, Barère; *émigrés* who had returned to France, such as Talleyrand; bankers and army contractors, friends of her husband. She was very eclectic, and long is the list of her usual guests. When Gen. Bonaparte came back from Egypt, Madame Récamier opened her salon to his aides-de-camp, Lannes, Junot, Marmont; to Murat, his brother-in-law; to Bernadotte; to Eugène Beauharnais,

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Bonaparte himself seems to have paid little attention to Madame Récamier; was it because her father, M. Bernard, who had become one of the administrators of the Post-office, was interested in a paper which was hostile to the Government, to the First Consul, and to his family? M. Bernard was accused of making it an instrument of correspondence between the Royalists and the Chouans of Brittany. Napoleon recalls this circumstance in the memorial of Saint Helena. M. Bernard was arrested, but was not tried, thanks to the intervention of Bernadotte; but he lost his place.

From that moment dates the opposition of Madame Récamier to Bonaparte. It must be said, also, that she had fallen under the influence of Madame de Staël, who could not forgive the indifference which Bonaparte had shown her at the time of the 18th Brumaire, when she tried to bring him under her sway. The salon of Madame Récamier became gradually a centre of opposition. She surrounded herself with Royalists; her intimate friends became M. Mathieu and M. Adrien de Montmorency. M. Turquan will have it that Madame Récamier obeyed only the vulgar feeling expressed since Thackeray's day by the word snobbery. I consider this accusation unjust: and, while there may have been in Madame Récamier a mixture of that feeling which draws the mind not unnaturally towards what has the halo and the consecration of the past, there were in her many other noble and delicate feelings, and her whole life protests against the accusation of having "meanly admired mean things."

Correspondence.

ENGLISH PRAYERS FOR PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The English are praying for peace. Heaven will grant their prayer on its usual condition of self-help. But the English will not be helping themselves to peace so long as Lord Milner is kept in his present position. The prospect of submission to that man's insolent and vindictive tyranny is enough to drive the Boers to desperation. This is so obvious that it may not uncharitably be thought to be designed.

It would be easy to retire or transfer Lord Milner, without disparagement of his capacity or character, simply on the ground of the hostile relation between him and the Boers. It is one of the weak points in Lord Rosebery's manifesto that he tries to block this most desirable measure without giving any intelligible reason.

From Lord Milner's recent speeches, it clearly appears that, having been sent to rule the two races of the Cape Colony with an impartial hand, he, from the outset, conspired with the British against the Dutch. Every Dutchman put to death for treason against such a Government is murdered. Equity.

March 30, 1902.

A LETTER OF EDWARD FITZGERALD'S.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As every successive output of Edward FitzGerald's Letters (witness your issue of last week) appears to meet with a welcome, you may be willing to give place to the enclosed copy of one addressed by him to the late Fitzedward Hall, who forwarded it to the *Nation's* reviewer of his version of the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus.

X.

March 31, 1902.

Woodbridge: June 14, '77.

My dear Sir—Thank you for the "Nation," which I return you, as you desire: sooner than I shd. do were it not that some one (I know not who:) had sent it to me before. So I have had ample time to digest myself. Perhaps I ought not to acknowledge that I think the Review *just*, seeing that it's praise so much overweighs it's blame; but I *do* think so, nevertheless; & am yet not intoxicated (at my all but 70 years of Age) with the credit given me for so far succeeding in re-producing other men's Thoughts; which is all I have tried to do. I know that many others wd. have done as well—and any *Poet* better—had they as much Leisure, & Inclination, for such work as I have had.

I have also seen the *Atlantic;* wh. I have taken in for two years on account of my friend Mrs. Kemble's "Gossip" which I am sorry to find is discontinued since she has returned to England.

I believe it is from no *personal* prejudice that I think American Reviews of English Books are apt to be juster than English of English. The Critics are removed from the Authors they criticize: from the Clubs, & Coteries, & Editors, who are *for* them, or *against;* & so can judge independently: wh. is scarce possible otherwise. So I maintain that we Country folks are—ceteris paribus—better Judges than the Londoners; for the same reason; & I see that Wilson—(Chr: North) said the same of Scotch Critics to N. P. Willis. "The opinion of one quiet, intelligent Country Parson was worth them all," he said.

My Versions, such as they are, were originally all privately printed to give to Friends: & these two have found their way into Public; I mean Omar K. & King Agamemnon—the Latter of whom remains to be slain anew, or trodden over, by our *Athenæums, & Academies,* I dare say. I have never sent a Copy to any but such Friends as I have spoken of; and to two or three American Gentlemen who took an interest in the Books. The Price they are published at—not my doing—pre-supposes only a small Sale, & seems to me ridiculously high. All which only means—"Will you have one?" I venture this, as you have been polite enough to send me it's Praises from among my Patrons in America.

Yours truly E. FitzGerald.

P. S. I re-post the Paper in the cover it came in, so as to make sure of it's finding you as clean as it left.

LORD DURHAM'S REPORT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is by the merest accident that I have come across a copy of your able and interesting journal, dated February 27, which contains a letter from a fellow-Canadian *re* the authorship of Lord Durham's celebrated Report. The writer guards himself by calling it a "local legend," but the assumed claim that the author of that Report was a Mr. Dunkin is so contrary to facts that it may be characterized as something else than a "legend."

The authors, and the only authors, of that Report were Charles Buller (afterwards the Right Hon. Charles Buller, M.P.), Mr. Turton (afterwards Chief Justice of one of the Australian colonies), and my late father, Adam Thom, LL.D., editor of the *Montreal Herald* (afterwards Chief Judge of Rupert's Land, B. N. A.)—all acting with and under the Earl of Durham. I have often heard my father speak of this matter, and any one who knew him would be sure of this, that he had too much generosity of character and too much fairness of mind to try to deprive any one of his right to share in the credit gained by those who drew up that celebrated state paper. To set up, at this time of day, such a claim as that made on behalf of Mr. Timothy Dunkin is an insult to the memory of three men, not one of whom would have condescended to "amend" or "polish" or put forth to the world what was not their own.

Yours truly, A. Bisset Thom.

Aylmer, Ont., Canada, March 27, 1902.

Notes.

A third revision of Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor's 'Sonnets of Heredia,' with fresh notes, is to be published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.

Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J., will soon issue 'Cape Cod Ballads,' by "Joe Lincoln," illustrated by E. W. Kemble.

Early in April, L. C. Page & Co., Boston, will have ready 'Stephen Holton,' by Charles Felton Pidgin, author of 'Quincy Adams Sawyer.'

Directly forthcoming from Doubleday, Page & Co. are 'American Masters of Painting,' by Charles H. Caffin, and 'Our Literary Deluge,' by Francis W. Halsey.

Less than 130 pages have been added to Gen. Sheridan's 'Personal Memoirs' by his younger brother, Gen. Michael V. Sheridan (Appletons). They are not the production of a practised writer, and their tone is not unexceptionable; but as they relate the chief incidents of the greater soldier's life from 1871, where he left off, they materially enhance the value of the book. Sheridan had plenty to occupy him—politically in connection with reconstruction troubles in Louisiana; and with the Indians, for which period the bloody annals of Piegan, Sioux, Ute, Nez-Percé, Apache are here briefly, not always judicially, unrolled. The reader must go to other sources to discover the debatable character of much of this history. It is noticeable that Sheridan ended, as so many army officers had done before him, as the defender of the Indians against ill-treatment and broken pledges. His brother's personal tribute is sincere and pleasing.

Another work brought to a conclusion in a reissue is Mr. W. G. Collingwood's 'Life of John Ruskin' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), first published in 1893, seven years before Ruskin's death. There was much opportunity for the abridgment which has now been practised by rewriting, resulting in one volume in place of two. More personal details, some fresh letters, have been introduced. The author remains the devotee we found him in our notice of the original biography.

It is just four years since we reviewed at some length Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's 'Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development' (Macmillan). The third edition, now before us, has been somewhat enlarged in response to the criticism the book has undergone, for which Professor Baldwin gives the necessary references in his new preface.

A reprint of the third English edition of 'The Greek Poets,' by J. A. Symonds, has just appeared in two handsome volumes (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan). Symonds's work still

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commends itself for its genuine literary flavor, for its hearty and intimate appreciations, for the wide acquaintance with modern literature which illuminates its criticism, and for the sustained enthusiasm which lifts the reader into an atmosphere proper for intelligent enjoyment. Symonds himself was half a poet, and contributed some of the best of the versions which make the book so valuable. He is somewhat diffuse; he rhapsodizes overmuch, and the ardor of his admiration often transcends the Greek law of measure; here and there, a statement or an opinion needs qualification or correction; but the book will not be superseded until some very thorough scholar treats the same subject with Symonds's literary gift and culture, warmed by his constant glow of sympathy.

In the latest issue of "Bell's Miniature Series of Painters" (Macmillan), the general editor, Dr. Williamson, deals with Holman Hunt. The little book is less one-sided in its criticism than most volumes of the sort, and gives a fair view of its hero's limitations as well as of his merits, though it might have been well to point out how far that artist's elaborate meanings are apart from the end of painting, and unrealizable in that art. Of "The Scapegoat," Dr. Williamson says: "As a piece of painting, it is one of Hunt's least important works; as an allegory, it ranks very high indeed." Yet the allegory is entirely in the title, and if that and all written commentary were lost, we should have nothing but the portrait of a goat. Who cares, except for curiosity, whether Titian's picture be properly entitled "Sacred and Profane Love" or "Medea and Venus"? It is only by a similar elimination of the unpictorial that one can judge of the proper æsthetic value of the works of Hunt or Watts.

The right of Wilkie to a place among "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" (Bell-Macmillan) is far from incontestable. With all the bias of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower in favor of the brother-Scot and the family protégé, he is forced to admit the failure of Wilkie's later works, and he bases that artist's claim to greatness entirely upon a few pictures in his early manner. Of one of these, in which he thinks Wilkie "attained the high-water mark of his life," "The Letter of Introduction," he says: "It is in every sense a masterpiece; it is redolent of the finest humor, and the technique is as admirable as the humor. . . . It ranks in excellence with Hogarth or the greatest of the Dutch and Flemish *genre* painters." He has already said that Teniers "never gave so much luminosity to any of his pictures as did Wilkie" to "The Blind Fiddler." As to luminosity, color, and handling, the comparison can be made only in presence of the works themselves, but there are qualities of painting, and not the least important ones, that can be judged of in some degree from reproduction; and a very cursory comparison of the reproduction here given of "The Letter of Introduction" with almost any good cut after Ter Borch is enough to show the vast inferiority of the Scotch to the Dutch painter. Wilkie's picture is not disagreeably arranged, but it shows nothing of the Dutchman's admirable instinct for spacing and composition of line and mass. Wilkie's picture is not badly drawn, but Ter Borch was one of the most wonderful draughtsmen that ever lived. And there is nothing in the prints to suggest that Wilkie's work even approached that perfect notation of light which is the marvel of Dutch painting, and which one feels even in half-tone reproductions of the work of Ter Borch and Ver Meer and De Hooge. As an illustrator, Wilkie is more refined than Teniers or Ostade, and he perhaps approached them as a manipulator of paint; but between him and the little masters of Holland is a great gulf fixed.

The same publishers send us a volume of reproductions of the Chatsworth Sketch-book by Van Dyck, with a description of the book by Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery. This book is supposed to have been used by Van Dyck in Italy from 1621 to 1627, and contains 125 pages of rapid sketches, mostly from pictures by Italian masters. Forty-seven pages, or double pages, have been selected for reproduction, and the work is admirably done. A few of the sketches are from nature, but nearly all of them are such scrawled notes of compositions as supplied a technical memory in the days when photography was not. Some are from known works, but many more are of unknown or unidentified originals, and these may at any time prove valuable in the attribution of rediscovered works. The drawings are too hasty and too careless to have any great artistic value in themselves, and some of them are amazingly bad, even for what they are; but their historical interest is considerable.

In 'The Hesperian Tree: A Souvenir of the Ohio Valley,' edited by John James Piatt, and published by John Scott & Co., Three Rivers Elm, North Bend, O., the editor's aim has been "to offer to the public a magazine of literary miscellany in prose and verse—comprising original stories, sketches, essays, and poems—the contributors to which should be native to or identified with the Ohio valley; and to have the same accompanied by or illustrated with reproductions by the best current processes of pictures and drawings, as well as works in sculpture, by artists also native to or identified with that region." For such a work, "so far as he knows, there has been no literary precedent in this country—at any rate, none so limited geographically in its contributors, while at the same time largely representing writers and artists whose reputation has no such limitation." From a few such writers and artists of more than local reputation Mr. Piatt has succeeded in securing contributions, but with many more he has, apparently, failed; and the general level of the work given is hardly such as to interest other than a local public.

Mr. J. H. Huddilston's 'Lessons from Greek Pottery' (Macmillan) is a little book of 144 pages, intended to show, in a general way, what may be learned from the pictures on Greek vases by students of Greek history, religion, life, and literature, there being chapters devoted to different branches of each of these departments. It is, however, rather an argument for the study of the vases than an introduction to it, and addressed more to those who are not aware of the vast stores of material which the Greek potters have left for the student of their civilization than to those who are aware of the fact, but do not know how to make use of it. We are told, for example, that the vase-paintings give us many more details about the story of the death of Troilus than are preserved in literature, and that more than thirty of these paintings are known which are based upon various parts of the legend; but the author does not tell us how to get at them, nor does he show us how they may be recognized among the many thousand vase-paintings that exist. This is disappointing because, admirably as Mr. Huddilston has performed the task he set himself, there would seem to be more present need of a book which should give those "who are interested in all things Greek" a start in the study of Greek pottery than one which is limited to urging that study upon them. To many the most valuable part of the book will be the excellent bibliography which follows the text, occupying more than forty pages. This has been most carefully prepared and classified, and will be found both useful and convenient for advanced students as well as beginners. The book contains seventeen illustrations, among which are reproductions of the three plates of shapes of Greek vases from Furtwängler's catalogue of the Berlin collection.

The sheets of Professor Edward Arber's series of British anthologies are now presented in a new binding, with the running title "Selections from the British Poets." The eighth and tenth volumes of the set in this form, which have just come to our table, differ from Pope and Cowper Anthologies as previously noticed only by the insertion of tolerably well-selected and reproduced portraits of the major poets. Thus embellished, the series may prove not devoid of utility to the anthological student. The publisher is Henry Frowde.

Mr. Thomas Willing Balch of the Philadelphia bar has reprinted from the *Journal* of the Franklin Institute for March his article on the boundary lines of southeastern Alaska and Canada. To monograph the subject in all its details would require a somewhat bulky volume, but for those who would inform themselves of the main outlines of the case, Mr. Balch's article offers a convenient and reliable summary. It comprises some forty-five pages of text, with reduced facsimiles of the most important charts bearing on the subject, and is entitled 'The Alasko-Canadian Frontier.'

It would be difficult to find an American teacher, whether in the village school or in the university lecture-room, who would not find matter of special interest in the annual report of the Commissioner of Education. Yet there is evidence that too few are making use of this means of information and enlightenment in their own field of labor. The two heavy volumes recently issued are for the academic year 1899-1900, and, like their predecessors, contain a number of treatises—historical, critical, technical—of permanent value. The occasional lists of articles on a certain subject published in previous reports are a great help to those seriously interested in the subject. The new "dependencies" are, in these reports at least, not denied their rights, though the backwardness of the information, in their case especially, is trying to the reader's interest. Portions of the statistical matter are peculiar to each annual issue, but in some of the tables the changes from year to year are comparatively slight, and if delay in the publication of the en-

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tire reports could be partly remedied by substituting quinquennial for some of the annual statistics, many might be glad of the change.

Adalbert von Hanstein's 'Das Jüngste Deutschland: Zwei Jahrzehnte miterlebter Litteraturgeschichte' (Leipzig: R. Voigtländer), first issued in the autumn of 1900, appeared last year in a second, though essentially unchanged, edition. As its title implies, it is a history of the new factors in German literature since the early eighties. Writers whose beginnings belong to an earlier period cut no figure in its pages, except so far as they may have fallen in with the new literary movement. With commendable diligence, the compiler has gathered together an immense mass of facts, most of which have been hitherto inaccessible. Information about the lives and literary development of a host of young German littérateurs, their grouping into schools, and the tendencies of these schools, together with numerous extracts from their writings, are here set forth in orderly historical array and supplemented by more than a hundred portraits. Hanstein writes good clear, readable German, and strives to approach his subject in a candid scientific spirit. Unfortunately, his tremendous conceit about his own literary work (which has played absolutely no part in the development of modern German literature) often blinds his judgment and leads him to take very distorted views. Striking evidence of this defect may be found in his treatment of Sudermann, Hauptmann, Holz, and George, who, though they may not belong to the immortals, are certainly leaders in their own generation. The book is nevertheless to be commended.

The long list of works dealing with the Greek tragedian Euripides has been increased by a substantial volume by Wilhelm Nestle, called 'Euripides, der Dichter der griechischen Aufklärung' (Stuttgart: Kohlhammer). Beginning with a consideration of the life, personality, and character of the poet, the author proceeds to a long and exhaustive examination of his attitude towards the doctrines of his countrymen. His ideas of life in general, his theology, natural philosophy, psychology, ethics, sociology, and politics are fully examined and illustrated by means of copious quotations from his extant works. The conclusion is, as one might guess from the title of the book, that Euripides is representative of the spirit of enlightenment and progress which was changing Hellenism from a national to a cosmopolitan basis. The work reads well, and cannot fail to interest others than the Euripides specialists. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the Naples bust of the tragedian. The indices are excellent, and the notes, which cover two hundred of the five hundred and fifty pages of the book, show that the author has collated and sifted his authorities in a thorough manner.

The dethroning of an ancient manuscript once regarded as next in value to the lost original is, to the enthusiast in textual criticism, something not much less important and perhaps more interesting than the fall of a dynasty. Such an event is announced and substantiated by Dr. William Peterson, Principal of the McGill University, Montreal, in his remarkable monograph on a ninth-century manuscript of Cicero in Lord Leicester's library at Holkham, for which, although hitherto neglected, he now vindicates the primacy among all manuscripts of the orations contained in it. No editor can hereafter safely ignore this new revelation. The monograph is from the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde), from which we have also received two more volumes of the Oxford Classics, 'Propertius,' by J. S. Phillimore, and 'Cicero de Oratore,' by Prof. A. S. Wilkins, both well deserving the same praise which we have already given to earlier volumes of this series.

Mr. La Farge's article on Rembrandt lends distinction to the current number of *McClure's Magazine*, as it would, of itself, distinguish any publication in which it might appear. It is the third of a series of articles on the "Great Artists," which the editors have been most wise and most fortunate to secure. The first, on Michelangelo, was somewhat disappointing; in the second, Mr. La Farge fully found himself, and gave us a beautiful and rounded appreciation. The present article is, if anything, still better, and such as no other living writer could produce. Mr. La Farge writes with the authority of an accomplished painter, the sympathy of a deep and subtle critic, and the grace of a finished literary artist, and comes nearer than one would have thought possible to describing the indescribable, and to putting into words what only Rembrandt himself could ever express in paint or the etched line. If he shall be often so felicitous, we shall have, when the series is completed, such a book of art criticism as hardly exists in any language—a book to be thankful for, and of which America may be as proud as of its author's own varied contribution to the art he celebrates.

The supply of diaries kept by the German mercenaries in our Revolutionary war seems inexhaustible, and each one makes some contribution of importance to historical detail. Mr. J. G. Rosengarten begins in the April number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* a translation of one kept from 1777 to 1783 by Stephan Popp, who served in the Bayreuth Regiment, coming over at the age of twenty-two. The desertions already recorded in the present instalment from this and its fellow, the Anspach Regiment, harmonize with the account of the mutiny when they were forced on shipboard. Two of the three pencil maps accompanying the narrative are here reproduced. Another curiosity of this issue is the facsimile reprint of the first number of the rare *Philadelphische Zeitung*, published by Franklin on May 6, 1732.

In the March-April number of the *Revue Historique*, the editor, M. Monod, criticises unsparingly in detail the new Leygues-Ribot proposals for the reform of French secondary instruction. In his view, every French boy should attend the primary and advanced primary schools, in both of which thorough instruction in modern languages should be given; then he should choose between three courses, in which preponderance should be given to the classics, to modern languages, and to science respectively. The aim of French secondary instruction seems to him to be the accumulation of facts, not ability to think independently. Forty years ago, he feels, teaching was more thorough, if narrower, and the crying evils of to-day, carelessness and superficiality, had not appeared. The crowning iniquity of the new proposals is the repeal of the Falloux legislation guaranteeing freedom of speech.

—The April *Atlantic* presents a somewhat bewildering profusion of interesting and instructive matter. The leading position is given to Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's statement of the abuses which have grown up in our army system, and the measures initiated by Secretary Root for their removal. "An Athenian" contributes his confessions as to the working of "Our State University," but one finds nothing so sensational as the anonymous authorship and the titles suggest, in the wake of the various State University storms of the past few years. Regents are sometimes wise and sometimes unwise, professors sometimes all that could be expected and sometimes not, irate parents occasionally annoy, thoughtless girls and boys commit distressing indiscretions—in short, we have simply the typical Western State University. If there is anything new, it is the writer's opinion that Western college girls are much less earnest in their work, much more given to regarding their college as a good place for a good time, than their sisters in Eastern schools. With boys, at least, there is a pretty widespread impression that the tendency is rather the reverse. Elizabeth McCracken, under the heading of "The Play and the Gallery," takes us into another kind of school, the theatre, and tells of its effect upon the tenement-house population with which she is brought into contact in her settlement work. One boy is impressed, on hearing "The Gay Lord Quex," with the thought that "the people are a bad lot, but they get out all right"; a young woman is somewhat more seriously disturbed by a similar reflection concerning Nell Gwynn; a Polish girl is led to read and study the plays of Shakspere which she has heard from the gallery, and is almost thrown into a panic by her first encounter at the public library with the Baconian theory. On the whole, one gets from the article a new idea of what the cheap gallery in the theatre really means as a social factor in the tenement life of a great city. We can merely call attention to a highly valuable paper by John W. Foster on "Pan-American Diplomacy," marred only by its incidental support of the ship-subsidy scheme for working up an increased trade with the Southern republics.

—In the *Century*, Noah Brooks draws a vivid picture of the rush across the plains to California a half century ago. It is a story often told, but the necessities of the situation and the ready ingenuity with which they were met insure something new in every retelling. M. Patrice Dillon, who came to California by sea late in 1849, and described the situation in a vivacious contribution to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was a little envious of this American ingenuity. "Throw three Americans upon a desert island, with but a single spring of water: two of them will take possession of it, levy a tribute on the third, and then boast loudly of their 'Yankee trick.'" Mr. Brooks writes, of course, of his own experience, and thus makes a genuine addition to the store of first-hand material from which is some day to be written an adequate history of the great Western movement of our population. The promo-

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tion of "civic beauty," so popular a subject of late with the best magazines, receives another impulse in an article by Sylvester Baxter on "The Beautifying of Village and Town." Perhaps Mr. Baxter is a trifle over-enthusiastic when he describes a certain Western city as having become, by ten years of artistic improvement, "the seat of a genuine civilization." Civic beauty is no doubt a strong elevating influence, under most conditions, but it will hardly do as yet for a test of civilization. The most suggestive article of the number is that of John Burroughs on "Literary Values."

—Dr. Gilman continues his reminiscences in *Scribner's*, under the heading of "Some Noteworthy Scholars." Of those permanently connected with Johns Hopkins, he speaks chiefly of Rowland, the physicist, and Sylvester, the eccentric mathematician. The peculiarities of Professor Sylvester gave rise to so many apocryphal anecdotes that one is pleased to find a few with the satisfactory attestation of Dr. Gilman's signature. It is of deeper interest, however, to know that Dr. Gilman was repeatedly warned, both in this country and abroad, of Professor Sylvester's idiosyncrasies and irascibility of temper, and yet preferred to disregard all these things rather than lose the chance to secure for the new university his brilliant mathematical genius. It was the secret of the success of Johns Hopkins that its President lived up to the advice with which he closes this chapter of his reminiscences: "In the conduct of a university, secure the ablest men as professors, regardless of all other qualifications excepting those of personal merit and adaptation to the chairs that are to be filled. Borrow if you cannot enlist. Give them freedom, give them auxiliaries, give them liberal support." Lowell, Child, Freeman, Cayley, and Stanley were examples of President Gilman's skill in borrowing; and interesting incidents of their sojourning at Baltimore, some new and some which have seen the light before, are woven into the present article. One can hardly be pleased with the statement that these reminiscences are to close with the next number. James B. Connolly contributes a twenty-page sketch of the night-seining and winter trawling of the Gloucester fishermen, and Alfred Mathews begins a study of the early westward expansion of Connecticut.

—One finds in the April *Harper's* rather a multiplicity of fairly good things than any one feature of striking interest. Carl Snyder gives a brief account of the achievements in synthetic chemistry which earned for M. Berthelot such imposing recognition at the end of the half-century since the beginning of his connection with the Collège de France, and Professor Shaler writes still more briefly of the important and intricate relations between plant and animal life, with the various modifications in each resulting therefrom. Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., gives an outline of the recent German explorations on the site of ancient Babylon, particularly the ruins of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar and the temple of Marduk, and Henrietta Dana Skinner presents letters from John Adams to her great-grandfather, Francis Dana, throwing new light upon the diplomacy of the Revolution. These articles one and all are suited to raise the question whether the price which magazine editors seem willing to pay for brevity is not too great. Bret Harte contributes one of his California stories, characteristic in its essential features, but far below the level of his best, and not likely to spoil the sale of California oranges or depress the price of California lands, as some of his work has been said to do.

—'The Decorative Art of the Amur Tribes,' by Berthold Laufer, is the title of the seventh memoir of the American Museum of Natural History relating to the work done by the expeditions sent out by Prof. F. W. Putnam through the liberal aid given by Mr. Jesup of New York. The memoir contains 86 large quarto pages, and is abundantly supplied with illustrations. It relates principally to the Goldi and Gilyaks, who occupy the lower part of the Sungari and the middle portion of the Amur valleys. While there are many signs of the influence upon them of Chinese art, this has not been by any means overshadowing, but a great amount of originality has been preserved and a really high sense of beauty displayed in their ornamentation of implements and of their articles of dress. Of the animal forms which are woven into their decorations, the butterfly, the bear, the cock, and the fish are most numerous, while the skill with which groups of reindeer heads are carved upon their wooden dishes is really surprising. It is interesting also to see how frequently the "svastika" cross appears, and the artistic variations with which it is treated. Indeed, so beautiful are these forms that it will not be surprising to see the patterns of the Goldi liberally copied in the decorative art of Western nations. Those who devise patterns for calico prints can find no more suggestive book than this. The report goes far to sustain Mr. Putnam's theory that realistic art is among the earliest developments of human effort, often long preceding any other signs of progress. Mr. Laufer well closes his memoir with the question "whether people, like the Goldi, who are able to produce such fine work, may justly be classified among primitive tribes," adding that "there is no doubt but that they are chosen for their share in civilization, and that they will have a future, if only the Russian Government will continue to lend its assistance in improving the economic life conditions of this intelligent tribe, which numbers so many good-natured and highly gifted individuals."

—The late Grant Allen tried his hand at almost every kind of literary composition, but he is not usually remembered as an historical writer. At the same time he had a keen interest in men as well as in science, and his alert intelligence enabled him to deal cleverly with every subject which occupied his attention. He devoted more of his leisure to historical reading than those may have supposed who knew him only through his publications; moreover, he had strong historical instincts. After this word of preface, we may say that Prof. York Powell has recently edited, with an introduction, a posthumous volume of Allen's which is entitled 'County and Town in England' (Dutton). The various chapters of which it is made up were first printed, twenty years ago, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The author considered them unfinished, and for this reason declined to reprint them until he should be able to complete the series. As it is, however, they do not create the impression of being fragmentary. They disclose a distinct method of approaching local history, and, either directly or indirectly, they deal with more than three-quarters of England. Allen might easily have made himself an expert archæologist, and it may be that some readers who are looking out for a guide-book will find the antiquarian motive a little strong in the present collection of essays. He had a keen eye to economic and social conditions, and, most of all, to ethnology. "He was the first English historian," says Prof. York Powell, "to put forward in a convincing way the fact that the Teutonic element is not the only important element (perhaps not even the chief element) in the present population. He welcomed the arrival of the 'præ-Celtic theory,' which he had foreseen." One very interesting feature of this book is a sketch which is called "Annals of Churnside." Here Allen goes back to very early times, indeed. Churnside is a fictitious place which is made to lie near the sea in a southern shire. How ancient its annals are may be gathered from the following sentence: "The little Euskarian colony which occupied the lower Churn Valley entered Britain, like the rest of their race, by a broad bridge of land which still connected the modern island with the mainland of France and Belgium." Proceeding from this distant point, Allen touches upon the Celtic invasion, the Roman road, the Roman villa, Domesday Book, and the neighboring Cistercian Abbey of Churney. All this is well conceived, and carried out in a manner which will appeal to mature students of English history.

—The study of Greek vases in recent years has thrown many interesting sidelights on the civilization of the ancients. The frescoes of the Italian Renaissance might be made to yield no less valuable results. Their intrinsic beauty, however, has led the spectator to regard these works of art from the purely æsthetic point of view rather than as documents in the history of culture. So great a wealth of material exists in approaching the study of the Renaissance that this neglect is perhaps excusable. At the same time rich mines have been discovered in the few instances where art has been considered from the standpoint of what it represents. It may well be hoped, therefore, that other books will be written similar to Dr. Warburg's 'Bildniskunst und Florentinisches Bürgertum' (Leipzig: Seeman), a study of the portraits in the "Confirmation of the Rule of Saint Francis" by Ghirlandajo in the Sassetti Chapel of Santa Trinità in Florence. It had long been known that Lorenzo de' Medici was in this fresco depicted standing between the two Sassettis, the donors of the chapel. The identity of the other portraits remained, however, unknown. It was left to Dr. Warburg to recognize in them Poliziano, the poet-scholar; Luigi Pulci, the humorist and forerunner of Ariosto; and Giuliano, Piero, and Giovanni de' Medici, the three sons of Lorenzo. He himself is convinced that the remaining head is that of Matteo Franco, best known for his interchange of scurrilous sonnets with Pulci. While there is every probability that this is true, no real

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proof, unfortunately, exists. Dr. Warburg promises further studies of a similar nature, illustrations and evidences of the interest taken in art by the cultivated bourgeoisie of democratic Florence. He himself modestly professes only to follow in the footsteps of Burckhardt, and add a chapter to his essay on the "Portrait" contained in the posthumous 'Beiträge'—a work which still remains almost unknown outside of Germany. Highly commendable are the illustrations, typography, and good taste shown in the execution of this book, which is in striking contrast to so many German contributions to the history of art.

LANG'S MYSTERY OF MARY STUART.

The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By Andrew Lang. With illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

More than three hundred years ago, controversy was raging around the character of Mary Stuart, and never since that time has it ceased to rage. For many, the subject possesses a perpetual interest, which is due mainly to the Queen's gifts and misfortunes, but also in part to the disputed evidence regarding her career. Mr. Lang sets out by likening her tragedy to the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and the example is one to which he recurs. Schiller's "Maria Stuart," he thinks, would come more near to reality than anything else, if only the facts were real. Alas, here lies the crux, not only with Schiller but with every other writer, in both poetry and prose, who has ventured to offer a solution! There is no dearth of evidence. Information of greater or less value keeps accumulating about her and the other *dramatis personæ*. But while every new document helps to confirm some theory, the tangle of theories grows ever more intricate, until scoffers may well call into question the credibility of any. Mr. Henderson, in his 'Side-Lights on English History,' has reproduced that singular picture of her which was engraved by Goltz at the time of her execution. According to Goltz she was a wanton; according to Chalmers she was a paragon; and between these extremes may be found a multitude of judgments, more or less qualified.

It is the opinion of Mr. Lang that "increasing knowledge of facts, new emergence of old MSS., have, on the whole, weakened the position of the defence." The stage of hypothesis has not yet been left behind. The appearance of the evidence may still, at any moment, change the whole face of the situation. But just now the Queen's case seems less plausible than before. In 1889 Mr. Henderson, by publishing for the first time Morton's sworn declaration concerning the discovery, inspection, and safekeeping of the Casket Letters, added to the weight of testimony against her, and Sir John Skelton's criticism of the damaging document has been unable to destroy the impression it created.

Though Mr. Lang's aims, in the present volume, are not unpleasantly pretentious, they are by no means inconsiderable. After generations of discussion, the points at issue have grown numerous and complicated. Of course the main question is outlined with sufficient clearness. Did Mary know that a plot existed against Darnley's life, and did she assist his murderers? This is the real issue around which the battle-royal is fought. And hardly second to it, if, indeed, a distinction between the two matters can be drawn, is the nature of her relations with Bothwell before the Kirk o' Field was blown up. Firstly, should Mary have been burned at the stake, according to the laws of that time, when she was a prisoner at Loch Leven? Secondly, are the stories which George Buchanan and others have told about an intrigue between Mary and Bothwell during Darnley's lifetime, truthful or lying?

Mr. Lang is not so ambitious as to put forward a theory which demands implicit acceptance, but in certain respects his book aims high. He begins by portraying the leading figures of the court at Holyrood—not with bare enumeration of facts or qualities, but dashingly and to the life. Mary, her lovers, and her foes must be made more than mere names before the unfolding of their plots and counterplots begins. Even the Queen's dresses and jewels are described: "the ruff from which rose the snowy neck; the brocaded bodice, with puffed and jewelled sleeves and stomacher; the diamonds, gifts of Henry II. or of Diane."

"Many of her jewels—the ruby tortoise, given by Riccio; the enamel of the mouse and the ensnared lioness, passed by Lethington as a token into her dungeon of Loch Leven; the diamonds bequeathed by her to one whom she might not name; the red enamelled wedding-ring, the gift of Darnley; the diamond worn in her bosom, the betrothal present of Norfolk—are, to our fancy, like the fabled star-ruby of Helen of Troy, that dripped with blood-gouts, which vanished as they fell."

All this delineation of character and setting forth of circumstances is done with a refinement of literary art, which yet remains in close touch with recorded fact. Mary, Darnley, Bothwell, Moray, and Maitland of Lethington form a group of major characters, after whom come Morton, Archibald Douglas, the two Melvilles, John Wood, the Secretary of Moray, Kirkcaldy of Grange, Huntly and Darnley's father, the Earl of Lennox. These are but a few of the personages. The action is as crowded as it is rapid.

With Mr. Lang, however, the vivid portrayal of Mary's *entourage* is simply a step on the way. Men and places must be clothed with actual existence if the narrative of intrigue and danger is to have a meaning. Then comes the development of the plot, with "mystery" enough to justify the title and satisfy the most romantic taste. As Mr. Lang gets deeper and deeper into the intricacies of the story, he becomes less picturesque and more analytical. Here his object would seem to be not the defence of an infallible theory, but the close scrutiny of views that have been already advanced. It is only little by little, as he demolishes the legends of George Buchanan, on the one hand, and the pleadings of Mr. Hosack on the other, that his own position becomes clear. Concerning his attitude towards the Queen we shall speak in a moment. At present it is well to observe that he makes a distinctly ambitious effort when he goes over the whole ground, which is covered by the controversy of the Casket Letters, and scrutinizes the reliability of the witnesses on either side.

Mr. Lang manifestly admires the Queen, and defends the course she took at several important moments of her reign. None the less he fixes upon her the stigma of having known that Darnley's life was threatened by the nobles. He brushes aside "the special and specious" excuses with which her conduct before her husband's murder have so often been covered—the excuses that she brought him from Glasgow to Edinburgh for the good of their child or for his own protection beneath "the ægis of the royal presence." According to the conception of her innocence, Mary "was a weak, ailing, timid, and silly woman, with 'a heart of wax.' On the hypothesis of her guilt, though ailing, worn, wretched, she had 'a heart of diamond,' strong to scheme and act a Clytæmnestra's part, even *contre son naturel*. The *naturel* of Clytæmnestra, too, was good, says Zeus in the Odyssey." The strongest link in the chain against Mary is a letter of Archibald Douglas regarding the meeting of Morton, Lethington, and Bothwell at Whittingham, which shows that Mary knew in January, 1567, of *some* plot against Darnley. He was killed on the 10th of February.

"Had she not brought him from Glasgow to Edinburgh under a semblance of a cordial reconciliation, he might, in some way or another, have escaped from his enemies. The one measure which made his destruction certain was the measure that Mary executed, though she was well aware that a conspiracy had been framed against the unhappy lad. Even if he wished to come to Edinburgh uninvited by her, she ought to have refused to bring him."

What was the Queen's motive in wishing to be quit of Darnley? Leaving the Casket Letters aside, Mr. Lang can find no contemporary evidence which shows that she was mastered by passion for Bothwell. Moray hated Bothwell, and in politics the Queen had been following her brother's lead from the date of Rizzio's murder to that of Darnley's. She had restored Lethington to favor at Moray's instance, and in spite of Bothwell's remonstrances. At Craigmillar, Moray and Lethington, not Bothwell, had by her favor taken the lead. The learned Buchanan has added the weight of his authority to the revelations of the Casket Letters, but he did not write his scandals until the affair was quite over, and in important details they are demonstrably false. If the Casket Letters should be rejected, Mr. Lang finds no reason to think that Mary's action at the time of Darnley's murder was dictated by anything more than resentment against her husband for his insults, his part in Rizzio's murder, and his general wretchedness of character.

But to leave the Casket Letters aside is impossible, or possible only in a rhetorical sense "for the sake of argument." The discussion of Mary's character must always come back to the authenticity of the documents which the Lords used in working up their case against her. If she actually wrote to Bothwell in the terms of the letters as they were finally published, she becomes so culpable that few will care to justify her politics or her morals. The best ground of the defence is in the black dishonesty of the Scottish nobles, the Queen's triumphant enemies. Estimated by their previous conduct, and, indeed, by the whole course of their lives, they cannot be placed above suspicion of forgery. At the same time it is most difficult to bring such a charge home, and, moreover, in some respects the letters appear so genuine that the concoction of them would be almost

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beyond the cleverness of the forger. The handwriting might have been imitated, but a forger could only by a triumph of genius have grasped that yielding side of Mary's nature which appears in the Casket Letters. As Mr. Lang says: "That any forger should have known Mary so well as to place her, imaginatively, as regarded Bothwell, in the very attitude which we see that, on occasion, she chose later to adopt in fact as regarded Norfolk, is perhaps beyond belief. To myself the internal evidence of style seems rather in favor of considerable and compromising portions of the letters." Besides the Casket Letters, there are the Casket Sonnets, and, though these were rejected by Brantôme and Ronsard, who thought from Mary's previous verses that she could not have written so uncouthly, the prima-facie reasons for accepting them are not slight.

Notwithstanding his willingness to look adverse evidence squarely in the face, Mr. Lang must be called a friend of Mary Stuart. Either from forethought or incidentally, he does her service by representing in such an unfavorable light the men against whom she strove for power. Lethington he admires on the score of superior cleverness, though morally as bad as the rest. "Few are the good men, rare are the good deeds, that must meet us in this tragic History. 'There is none that doeth good; no, not one.'" In politics, murder was a rule of the game; in the pursuit of pleasure, every one followed his own devices. Moray was a shifty hypocrite, "looking through his fingers" at murder whereby he profited. Morton was born with falseness in the blood, and "his sanctimonious snuffle is audible still." Mary at least was born with a good heart. "She was no natural dissembler, and with difficulty came to understand that others could be false. Her sense of honor might become perverted, but she had a strong native sense of honor."

Mr. Lang is a hard hitter, and this volume is not one which will command anything like universal assent. It is bound to displease Mary's champions, while it runs even more counter to the strictly Calvinist view of the Queen and her generation. At present a settlement of the debate is out of the question, and it may long remain so. In the meantime, it is enough that Mr. Lang should have written a very clever, exhaustive, and well-informed account of Mary's struggles with her enemies and with her fate.

GIDDINGS'S INDUCTIVE SOCIOLOGY.

Inductive Sociology: A Syllabus of Methods, Analyses, and Classifications, and Provisionally Formulated Laws. By Franklin Henry Giddings. The Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xviii, 302.

Perhaps the best way to convey to our readers an idea of what they may expect to find in this volume will be to give a brief account of the contents of one of its more elaborate chapters, that upon Concerted Volition. We find this chapter to be divided into four parts: (1) The Rise of Concerted Volition; (2) On Coöperation; (3) On the Modes of Concerted Volition; (4) The Laws of Concerted Volition. Under the head of the Rise of Concerted Volition are considered, first, its subjective conditions, and, secondly, its objective conditions. The latter are said to be principally, (1) Developed Communication (the press, etc.), and (2) Association in meetings. Since it is our business to criticise and doubt, we ask ourselves whether this enumeration of the objective conditions evinces a thorough historical study. Volition is not desire nor passion; it is action. Now does history show that a passionate state of public temper is transmuted into volition by those two influences alone; or does it show that, upon the top of them, some startling act of apparent violence is usually requisite besides? Was our civil war brought from smoke to flame by the attack on Fort Sumter, or the Franco-German war by the supposed insult to the French Ambassador, or our difficulty with Spain by the destruction of the *Maine*?

Under the head of Coöperation, we note that Professor Giddings is not one of those who would make this the essential fact of society. But, on the other hand, neither is he one of those who conceive that it, like responses to stimuli, is divisible into the two grand divisions of coöperative volition and competitive volition, and who opine that these two are pendants to one another; roughly speaking, of equal importance in sociology. So far is he from accepting this view that no chapter of his book is devoted to competition. In all his pages there are but a dozen lines in which the word occurs, and there only as one of two topics. Is this factor of human society, then, not worth any special study? The nature of coöperation is analyzed and found to involve four factors—common interest, perception of what others are doing, intercommunication, and mutual confidence. Its causes are inquired into with the result that men first find that they are virtually coöperating, and then do deliberately what they began to do instinctively or accidentally. Other influences, however, are recognized as secondary. Coöperation is found to have four forms. Two are simple—that in which all do the same thing, and that in which there is division of labor. Two are complex; but the definitions are not very clear, and the division, though possibly useful, is somewhat artificial. Perhaps we should say that the line of demarcation is artificial; for two classes may be as really separate as two branches of a tree, and yet it may be equally impossible to find any real defining line between them. Distinctions in the extent of coöperation are noticed, as well as the distinction between public and private coöperation.

There follows a somewhat elaborate analysis of the work of coöperation. The practical activities of a social population are said to have four modes, Appreciation, Utilization, Characterization, Socialization. This had been said in an earlier chapter. Appreciation is liking or disliking a thing. By Characterization is meant adapting ourselves to things; by Socialization, adapting ourselves to our social environment. Now, granting that this is a good division of the results of our activity, can it be truly said, or not, that these four results of activity give rise to four forms of cooperative work? To make this out, the author first defines Culture as the coöperative development of appreciation. We must all admit there is such a thing. Perhaps it is what is commonly called fashion or the prevailing taste of an historic period. Professor Giddings says there are three orders of ideas belonging to it—the linguistic, the animistic, and the scientific. Apparently, this is where Science is pigeon-holed in his scheme of society. But if there be anything more distinctly foreign to science than another, it is appreciation, in the sense of liking or disliking. The scientific interest of things disgusting is just as great as that of the most sugared sweets.

We now come to the third division of the chapter, on Modes of Concerted Volition. The like-mindedness is either Instinctive, Sympathetic, Dogmatic, or Deliberative. The instinctive is seen or read of in the squatter. Of the sympathetic, the subjective factors are said to be (1) impulsive like-response; (2) suggestibility; (3) reciprocal consciousness of kind; (4) the suggestions of shibboleth, etc.; (5) imitativeness; (6) contagious emotion. The objective factors are communication with physical conditions, and the crowd. Sympathetic likemindedness especially enriches cultural activities. It is manifested especially in panics, revivals, sympathetic strikes, riots, and similar phenomena. Dogmatic likemindedness is traditional, customary, and conservative. Its subjective factors are belief and deductive reasoning. Its objective factors are the communication of common beliefs and authoritative instruction. Its contribution to coöperation lies chiefly in its conversion of common ideas into differentiated traditions and of common activities into customs. It is marked by partisanship, reliance on legislation to regulate private conduct, deference to tradition, and some other phenomena. Deliberative likemindedness is characterized by critical thought and well-coördinated action. Its chief subjective factors are public opinion and inductive research. Its objective conditions are freedom of speech and of meeting. Without giving all Professor Giddings's items, we may sum them up by saying that he conceives that this kind of likemindedness brings rationality into every department of coöperative work. It is found in the most advanced modern nations. Now follow thirteen pages of tables of questions to be investigated as to the state of concerted volition in any society.

Finally, we reach the fourth division of the chapter, that on the Laws of Concerted Volition. The formulation of these betrays imitation of a bad model, that of Tarde, who is one of that well-known type of Frenchmen who copy the phraseology of mathematics, as if that possessed, in itself, a secret virtue of rendering vague ideas precise. Thus, we are told that "impulsive social action tends to extend and to intensify in a geometrical progression." Mathematicians, we are aware, speak of one variable increasing geometrically, while another increases arithmetically; but what (if anything) may be meant by saying that a quantity varies in geometrical progression without reference to any second quantity, we must confess transcends our powers to divine. Nor do we see that imitation can be so measured that it is worth while to attempt to say what the mathematical nature of the function is that connects it with another quantity. For the present, such ideas seem irrelevant. At any rate, the meaningless expression must excuse our suspecting that there is nothing more val-

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uable beneath it than the simple remark that where there is a tendency to imitate, the imitation of imitations will multiply imitations. The second law is, that "Impulsive social action varies inversely with the habit of attaining ends by indirect and complex means." Here again, the language is to a mathematician repellent. Is anything more meant than the truism that when men are in the habit of acting reflectively, they are less under the dominion of impulse? If so, why should it not be expressed non-mathematically? So, likewise, why cannot a sociologist content himself with saying that, other things being the same, the older a tradition is, the more it overawes men, instead of laying it down that "tradition is authoritative and coercive in proportion to its antiquity"? The use of mathematical phrases in the other laws leads the reader to suppose a mathematical proportion is intended here. There are several other laws which the reader will find in the book. If this class of writers would study the mathematical theory of measurement — say, Clifford's 'Analytical Metric'—sufficiently to perceive how such talk as theirs must appear to those who understand what quantity is, we believe that all such phrases would disappear from their pages. Prof. Giddings's work would only be strengthened if this were done.

Perhaps there may be persons who do not reckon the syllabus as a distinct form of literary composition, but there is none which calls for a severer classicality, meaning by that the effect resulting from an abhorrence of the too much, and from long pondering every sentence, as if papyrus were costly and the use of the stylus laborious. It has been the mathematicians who have most excelled in it. A syllabus needs to be a feat of intellectual strength, under pain of sinking to an exhibition of a wooden model, less like science than a painter's mannikin is like a man, by far; for a mannikin may take an expressive pose. The specimen we have given will have convinced the reader that Prof. Giddings is a man of no mean analytic power. Such a scheme as he has drawn up will have its utility in the incipient state of sociological science, even if it is not what a syllabus of sociology ought to be. The index is like the book itself. It is not perfect; but it is much more than pretty good.

Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century. By Henry Grey Graham. Macmillan. 1901.

It was the intent of Plutarch, as he tells us in beginning his life of Alexander, not to write histories, but only lives. For, he explains, the noblest deeds do not always show men's virtues and vices, but oftentimes a light occasion, a word, or some sport makes men's natural dispositions and manners appear more plain than the famous battles won, wherein are slain ten thousand men, or the great armies, or cities won by siege or assault. So Mr. Graham declares his aim to be not so much to give a history of the literature produced by Scotsmen in the eighteenth century as an account of the men who made it. In this undertaking he has been helped very little by such diaries and correspondence as abounded in England and have enabled us to reconstruct the social life of that age, for the Scots were not addicted to diaries, and if letters were written, few were preserved.

Nor is much to be gained from biographies, for those who wrote them thought it beneath the dignity of literature to mention such trivialities as Plutarch eagerly caught up. Dugald Stewart wrote the Lives of Reid, of Robertson, and of Adam Smith; but he was careful not to draw their frailties from their dread abode, and disclosed their merits only in sounding platitudes and stately periods. Even in 1811, when the relatives of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk thought of publishing his autobiography, which is a mine of instructive gossip, "they were discouraged by those whom they consulted—Adam Ferguson among the number—on the ground that the incidents and anecdotes were too unimportant to interest the public." Adam Smith, it is true, said in his lectures on rhetoric that he was glad to know that Milton wore latchets in his shoes instead of buckles; but this Plutarchian touch must have offended the pedantic taste of the day. Fortunately, before it was too late, the artificial proprieties of Lord Kames ceased to shackle literature, and a few inquisitive spirits rescued some of the oral traditions, which, like the old ballads, were on the point of sinking into oblivion. What was thus preserved Mr. Graham has cleverly sifted and assorted to make this entertaining volume.

It must be said, however, that he goes rather too far in omitting the noblest deeds and dwelling on the "light occasions." It is well enough to describe the clothes, the gait, the manners, the foibles, the personal oddities and defects of by-gone worthies; but more than this is necessary to understand a "character." Mr. Graham is very rigorous in his exposure of corpulency. Some of his heroes were indisputably gaunt; but he eagerly notes all tendency to adipose deposit, and "paunchy" is his favorite epithet. We are told much about Hume; but the chief impression that we receive is that he was fat. On page 35 he is called "the obese philosopher"; at page 36 he is "becoming fatter"; he is "portly"; his "physical exuberance" is to pass into "unwieldy corpulence." At page 39 he has a "broad, fat face," and his corpulence is "vast." On page 42 we read of his "bulky body," and on page 43 of his "unwieldy self." At page 45 he is a "portly man"; at page 46 he is "ponderous"; his face is "broad and fat," his person "corpulent"; he distributes "fat, amiable smiles." His face continues "broad" on the next page, on the next he is "ponderous," then he is a "corpulent pagan," then he is "fat," and his "fatness" and "corpulence" are again referred to, as well as his "huge paunch" and "ponderous frame," and at last the grave closes over his "huge, corpulent form." That should end the matter, but when he is mentioned in other parts of the book we have to be reminded of his fleshiness.

This illustrates the vice of Mr. Graham's style. Often he fails to be sympathetic and appreciative because he is trying to be effective. He has a jaunty, superior manner, and looks down on his subjects with amused and sometimes contemptuous condescension. He has acquired Macaulay's tricks of style, and it is no more than fair to say that he does the tricks nearly as well as his master. Nor can we deny that he is graphic; his pictures of individuals and of society are vivid and impressive. After we overcome our annoyance at his affectations, we are fairly captivated by his entertaining stories, his incisive criticisms, his lively descriptions. Never was there such an age for "characters"; uniformity was not expected, nor even conformity. Every one was poor, and even those who passed for rich lived on incomes which day laborers would now think meant starvation. The muse was cultivated literally on oatmeal, and little of that; although drink was a prime necessity. With a moderate excise and active smuggling it was abundant, and was, according to our standards, almost the only luxury of the time.

The housing of the better class was mean, gloomy, and cold, and the general filth was appalling. To get a suit of clothes was the event of a lifetime, and people could no more vary their raiment according to fashion than leopards can change their spots. It signifies much when men can count on finding their friends wearing the same coats for years, and every coat as distinguishable as the features of the wearer. It means that men have opinions and habits of their own, and care not whether they suit the prevailing taste. Even George III. could appreciate sturdy individuality, and we are ready to forgive the awful misdeeds enumerated by our forefathers in justifying the Declaration of Independence, when we read of his message to that Jacobite of Jacobites, Laurence Oliphant, the laird of the "Auld House of Gask" and father of the gifted Lady Nairne: "The Elector of Hanover presents compliments to the laird of Gask, and wishes to tell him how much the Elector respects the laird for the steadiness of his principles."

None of these sketches is better than that of Lord Monboddo, whose whims were only less amazing than the sincerity with which he believed in them. He was to be seen in court, sitting among the clerks, having quarrelled with his fellow-judges because they had found against him in a case wherein he was personally interested. He held that all knowledge was of Greek origin, and, following ancient customs, daily anointed himself with oil, after bathing; the latter practice being as much out of vogue with his contemporaries as the former. Carriages and sedan-chairs being unknown to the Greeks, he would not enter them, although if it rained when he came out of the Parliament house, he would put his wig into a chair and walk by its side. He held to our descent from simian ancestors, questioning travellers as to their meeting with survivals of the lost appendage, and even watching at bedroom doors, when children were expected, to catch the midwives snipping off their tails. He was well mated on the bench with Lord Hailes, who once dismissed a cause because a document had the word "justice" spelt without the final "e," and with Lord Hermand, who would smite his bosom as he gave an opinion, exclaiming: "My laards, I feel my law—I feel it here." Worthy of their company was Lord Kames of the 'Elements of Criticism,' who was interested in everything from law to letters, and so devoted to agriculture that he allowed a pet pig to sleep in the same bed with him. His industry and inquisitiveness never flagged, and two days

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before he died he declared that he was eager to be away, because he was exceedingly curious to learn the nature and manners of the other world.

The most interesting of these sketches are those which deal with the less famous men. Hume, Smith, Boswell, and Burns have been abundantly described, and we are glad to read of the minor but not less remarkable characters whose works have passed almost out of recollection. Thomson and Smollett are treated with really sympathetic appreciation, and Robertson, Hutcheson, Ferguson, Macpherson, and others are well portrayed. The chapter on "Women of Letters" is capital, although these women were as careful to avoid fame for their writings as the men were to win it. Lady Anne Barnard has lately been revived in her letters from South Africa; but Lady Griselle Baillie, Mrs. Cockburn, Jane Elliot, and Lady Nairne deserve to be remembered with her.

We have not hesitated to complain of some of Mr. Graham's faults, to which we must add a vexatiously meagre index; and he has perhaps told nothing that other writers had not told before. But he has chosen, culled, and condensed with excellent judgment and with really admirable skill. We owe him hearty thanks for a very entertaining book about a number of the most interesting characters of a most interesting period. Whatever the future may bring forth, we shall not see such men and such times again.

Fame and Fiction: An Enquiry into Certain Popularities. By E. A. Bennett. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Bennett pursues his interesting and timely inquiry in a series of short articles which are not sedate enough to be called essays, but are lively, peremptory, pointed, altogether in the best style of literary journalism. His gravity is often captured by irony and converted into gayety; he is perfectly sensible, and sometimes witty. His first article, entitled "The Average Reader," sets forth the chief aim of his work, which is, "to explain to the minority why the majority likes or dislikes certain modern novelists." He imagines a reciprocal attitude, the smaller faction arrogating to itself a monopoly of "artistic feeling," refusing to consider the tastes and sympathies of the larger, which becomes, in consequence, defiant and bitterly resentful of leading-strings. His benevolent purpose is to readjust the minority's point of view, and to bring about a compromise whereby the multitude may be detached from its Miss Corelli and its Mr. Silas Hocking (the most popular novelist in England), and gently led—towards whom? No living novelist is definitely named as the goal of progress, but there is no doubt that to Mr. Bennett's mind that desirable position is at present adequately filled by Mr. George Moore, whose 'Mummer's Wife' is described as "more than a masterpiece—one of the supreme novels of the century."

Though Mr. Bennett's notion of a great public ranged to defend to the death its cherished purveyors of fiction seems to us heated, his intervention is proffered in an excellent spirit. It is a pity that his analysis of the "average reader" does not promote confidence in a happy result. The best he can say for this composite person is that he is unaffected and honest in his preferences, and can never be driven to buy a book because those who pretend to a superior taste say he should. Additionally to his credit, it is affirmed that he demands imperatively some "central righteousness"—a vague phrase, which, whether it be taken to imply mental or moral virtue, we are not able to perceive conspicuously shining in many of the objects of his delight. Mr. Bennett's spirits perceptibly rise when he abandons the ground of reasonable presumption and speaks as one having conviction about the defects of the average reader. We learn that he has some of the instincts of the untutored savage, "loving noise and glare and crude sentiment; that he hates to have the basic ideas of his existence disturbed," and is so dull that he doesn't know when he is bored. But what seems to us to make him a hopeless object for artistic missionaries, however resolute, looking upward and onward to Mr. George Moore, is, that "he has no sense of beauty—that is, beauty of form. He ignores it not only in imaginative literature, but in every art and in life. The most atrocious ugliness does not annoy him, and he has a blind spot in his eye for beauty."

Thus, almost vindictively, does Mr. Bennett vitiate his own plea, and when he announces triumphantly that Mr. Moore's artistic ideal, with its incorruptible and implacable perfection, is "positively distasteful to the English temperament," he gives his case for compromise away. An artistic minority struggling to overcome national temperament shows itself bold but not wise. The attempt has been made several times in England, in more than one art, and we think it has always failed. The greatness of English literature abides in the matter rather than in the form, and a conceivable novelist, with a conscience not so exclusively artistic as Mr. Moore's, would, we think, be a more hopeful instrument, or bait, for attracting the Average Reader. We cannot see the slightest chance for a compromise to be based on the agreement of a British public to accept ideals and methods which are French to the point of servile imitation.

Mr. Bennett's conclusion, that the public demands sincerity in its novels, and can easily detect fraud, is not infallible. The public that makes ostentatious popularity has only recently learned to read, cannot think, and wants both to be diverted and to be informed. It is just in the condition to be taken in by clever, unscrupulous jugglers who have gauged its capacity and guessed its desire. To-day, to have ability for combining a story with incorrect information about history, or science, or society, or a future life, is to be potentially a popular novelist; but by the middle of the century this state of things will have changed. Labors of a regenerating minority are not to be despised, but it should not insist too much; it must give the people time.

Japan: A Record in Colour. By Mortimer Menpes. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan.

To attempt to transfer one's impressions of a country and people so distant both in space and in the inheritances of civilization as are the Japanese, by means of one hundred colored sketches or pictures, is the bold enterprise of an artist. No doubt, in foggy and sooty London, this book will stir up objectors and unbelievers. Nevertheless those who, from years of residence, can recall both the variety of the coloring and the richness of nature in this ocean-girdled land of mountains and valleys, will heartily appreciate Mr. Menpes's attempt to tell a story in colors. One may be inclined to consider the text somewhat in the light of rhapsody, but will be slow to charge exaggeration upon these pictures.

This English artist, as we remember well, was in no hurry when he came to Japan. He took his time, he dwelt among artists and artisans, he found out where the fountains of artistic power were, and where the streams of appreciation of the beautiful among the lowly ran. He saw that the native finger, predestinated to do fine work, matched the head, able and trained to think out artistic surprises; and that continual observation of nature was the secret of the freshness and absence of monotony so characteristic of the work of the Japanese artisan. He realized also the depth of rascality to which the Japanese shop-keeper can normally descend, especially when he has the conceited, the blatant, and the purse-proud for his game. The end justifies the means, it is argued, for the bland native, assuming innocence or ignorance, dearly loves to take down the lofty alien. Mr. Menpes also discovered, what is patent to one dwelling among the Japanese artisans, gardeners, painters, children, and even geisha of the old school, how intensely the love of beauty is part of their lives.

Some of the mistakes in the text, due, perhaps, to imperfect hearing, or possibly to a delight in orthographic mutiny, are very amusing, as are also some of the artist's prejudices against Americans, and his occasional little preachments and moralizing, when he reminds one of a spoiled child. Yet these slight blemishes do not for one moment militate against the fact that he has in this book given us a wonderfully true and fascinating picture of Japan. Of the general trustworthiness of his statements there can be no reasonable doubt. From beginning to end, there is a childlike delight in the ways of the working people, who toil with head and hand to make the land they live in lovely, every object of use comely, and their surroundings attractive.

Of course, the attempt to put his original paintings into page spaces of five by four inches is much like that of breaking up grand oratorios into hymn tunes and the melodies of street songs. Nevertheless, the delicacy, richness, and brilliancy of still life are here wonderfully reproduced. Besides being a joy in themselves, these drawings stimulate the delights of memory. Whatever exaggeration there may occasionally be in the text, Mr. Menpes has not overcolored his pictures, nor has he failed to be realistic in rendering the countenances of his human subjects. He has not attempted to make his *mousmes*, or peasant girls, too exalted, or his babies and little folks too wise-looking, or his artisans too remote from common and even sordid care, while yet showing the joy which not only lightens but sweetens their toil. His chapters on the drama, on art

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in practical life, and on gardens, besides the very suggestive one on "placing," will be approved even by the most sober critics who know the facts. If, in treating of the geisha, he walks in the broad road with the mob of writers on Japan, and overstates perhaps, one is less inclined even here to find fault with him because his comments, criticisms, and even appreciations are not those of the globe-trotter or the mercantile traveller, but of the true and genuine artist. The work is a veritable triumph of expression by means of most appropriate media.

School Architecture: A General Treatise for the Use of Architects and Others. By Edmund March Wheelwright. Boston: Rogers & Manson. 1901.

Mr. Edmund M. Wheelwright became known as the official architect of the city of Boston, not merely by the excellence of the buildings which he designed, but by his fearless honesty in everything connected with their erection. During his tenure of office it was his duty to design and supervise the erection of many schoolhouses, and he acquired in this way, as well as from his general practice, a knowledge of school architecture that has enabled him to speak with authority in his recently issued work bearing the above title. The fact that a book comes from a recognized expert is by no means an assurance that it will treat its subject satisfactorily. Too often the expert fails to get beyond the limits of his own experience or prejudices; he cannot see his subject whole. But in the present case there is no such trouble. It is not a view of school architecture in Boston or even in the United States that Mr. Wheelwright gives us, but rather a view of typical examples of the schools of most of the countries in which public education is well developed. He displays the plans of a very large number of schools, so arranged and so connected by the text that the reader is able quickly to grasp the typical solutions of the schoolhouse problem to which the system of any of the more important countries has given rise. Thus, for instance, in dealing with German schools, we have first a few words on the origin and history of the system and on its present condition, an enumeration of the sundry kinds of schools in use throughout the Empire, and finally examples of each of these, with intelligent comment and explanation. Similarly, but in a less extended way, France, England, and Scandinavia are treated, and finally the United States, to the schools of which more space is given than to those of any other country. The division of the work is not, however, purely geographical, since it is the elementary school in various countries that is first considered, then the secondary school, and finally manual-training schools, mechanic-arts high schools, and training schools for teachers.

At the end of the section devoted to elementary schools, Mr. Wheelwright institutes some interesting comparisons between those of our own country and those of Europe; and because the elementary schools are frequented by far more pupils than all other schools put together, and because it is on them that our whole educational system rests, it will be interesting to review the deliberate judgment of our author regarding them. He selects for his comparison the best examples, the most recent types, whether at home or abroad, and very properly neglects antiquated or discredited systems. In the matter of equipment for gymnastic exercises, for bathing facilities, for instruction in cooking, and in manual training, he finds that American elementary schools are not generally as well provided as are those of Northern Europe, or even of England. The feature of the school garden, already widely in use in Northern Europe, is practically unknown in the United States. In the area and treatment of their playgrounds, American schools are deficient when compared with those of Europe. On the other hand, however, in our elementary class-rooms, we allow a greater floor area per pupil and a greater number of cubic feet of air per pupil than are found in those of any other country. Excepting, perhaps, in the Swiss and in a few recent English schools, American practice provides an ampler supply of warmed fresh air and larger ducts for ventilation than may be found elsewhere. In the best American examples a more satisfactory provision for the disposal of outdoor clothing is made than is the case anywhere except in Switzerland and Scandinavia. A more generous provision of individual desks for pupils is made in America than in any other country.

In one very important way, Mr. Wheelwright finds our elementary schools inferior to those of Europe, and that is in the matter of the distribution of daylight in their class-rooms. In Germany and in Europe generally it is very properly held that light, while abundant, should be admitted to the class-room only from the left of the pupils. Now light, even under such high ceilings as are usual in school-rooms, will not carry satisfact[illegible] in a room wider than twenty-four feet. At the same time a limit of usefulness is soon reached in the length of the room, beyond which pupils are so far from the teacher as to be out of control. It follows, therefore, if the class unit is fixed at a high number, that either efficient control by the teacher or the proper diffusion of light must be sacrificed. In America, since the unit of elementary classes is generally fifty-six pupils, it has been found necessary to make the width of rooms twenty-eight feet, resulting, except in corner rooms, in a dark area along the hall-side of the room, and, in corner rooms, in the introduction of windows in the wall opposite the teacher—a practice as fatal to the teachers' eyesight as would be the use of windows in the opposite wall to that of the pupils. This is a state of affairs over which our architects have manifestly no control, and until our system is modified by the adoption of a class unit of forty-eight or, better, forty pupils, we cannot hope that, in the very important matter of their lighting, our schools will compare favorably with those of Europe.

Mr. Wheelwright's book is intended not alone for architects, but for all who are interested in the deeply important problem of the proper housing of schoolchildren.

The Art and Craft of Garden-Making. By Thomas H. Mawson, Garden Architect. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

Of the making of gardens there is no end; neither is there any end of the making of books about gardens. Among the latest is this by Mr. Mawson, an Englishman—or, rather, the second edition of it, for the first edition was soon exhausted. The author treats his subject from the point of view of the professional garden architect. He holds the happy medium between the extreme formalism of the architect's garden and the complete formlessness too often characteristic of the landscape garden. He deals with such subjects as the choice of site for a garden and the way to treat it, of fences and gates suitable for parks and gardens, of gateways, carriage courts and drives; curbing the fancy of the artist with the practical experience of the engineer. To flower-gardens he naturally gives large space, for gardens are the heart of his matter. Such useful things as kitchen-gardens and orchards do not escape his attention. Thus, from a brief outline of its contents, it will be seen that his work is devoted to the design of gardens and of the surroundings of houses rather than to horticulture; yet that side of the subject is not entirely neglected, since the various trees and flowers grown in Great Britain are treated in some concluding chapters.

The essay, though it lacks high inspiration and delicate touch, fills a useful niche, and is on a far higher plane than the literary output of the average landscape-gardener. Mr. Mawson shows himself in sympathy with the best, both of the old methods and of the new, nor is his work as an artist without its own peculiar attractiveness. His volume is well illustrated—here by photographs of existing gardens, there by pen-and-ink sketches or perspective drawings. In brief, 'The Art and Craft of Garden-Making' is one of the best among recent publications of its kind.

James McNeill Whistler: The Man and his Work. By W. G. Bowdoin. M. F. Mansfield & Co.

The author of 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies' is the reviewer who could best do justice to the above work, and to his tender mercies we should like to recommend it. Like "Rusty Christopher," Mr. Bowdoin "mingles praise and blame," and it is his praise that we should expect Mr. Whistler's delicate temper to find the more intolerable. In its externals the book is got up to resemble its hero's own publications, but the resemblance does not extend to the writer's style. Imagine the fastidious Whistler reading such sentences as this: "It is but a portrait, and yet it conjures up all that is finest in a young girl, and renders the composition most satisfactory, and makes of it one that is seldom equalled and more rarely excelled." Or this: "While Whistler's art has immortalized Chelsea, the works of both Rossetti and Swinburne have not had similar and appreciable inspiration thus."

One more paragraph we are tempted to give in full, as a sample of both style and reasoning. It is as follows:

"It is possibly as an etcher that Whistler has received the apogee of appreciation and acceptance. There is, it must be said, a

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strength of contrast in mere black and white, which when skilfully arranged, combined and massed, in light and shade, and that which is intermediate, produces, at least under the inspiration of the Whistler needle, an art result in an etching that is, generally speaking, more readily accepted by the masses than is the work into which the more elaborate and more intricately complex element of color has been introduced. When one has revelled in admiration for black and white and studied the charm that is inherent, the way is somewhat prepared for the better and more ample understanding of the subtleties that belong to color. The portrayal results that lie within attainment grasp are very great. There is a brilliant firmness and emphasis of touch compassed by the etcher and his lines. They frequently suggest far more than they directly reveal, all of which easily spells fascination to a larger extent even for the observer who entirely lacks art education, and is minus advanced culture, than is the case with more elaborate essays in color and color combination."

Why one of the seven plates should be devoted to a photographic portrait of Lady Eden it is difficult to see.

Samoa, Bismarckarchipel und Neuguinea: Drei deutsche Kolonien in der Südsee. Von Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg. Mit 36 Vollbildern, 113 in dem Text gedruckten Abbildungen, und 2 Karten. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. 1902. 8vo, pp. viii, 329.

Seventeen years ago Germany suddenly proclaimed a protectorate over a large part of New Guinea and the archipelago of New Britain. This action was not taken in order to defend other neighboring German territory, or because of great commercial interests in these regions, for none existed, but simply in a fever for colonial expansion to forestall its annexation by Great Britain. If Prince Bismarck was also actuated by a belief that there was great natural wealth in these tropical lands which would speedily be developed by his enterprising countrymen, he was grievously disappointed. The German nation has remained not only without interest in but profoundly ignorant of its South Sea colonies, and the Government has systematically neglected them since they have proved, instead of a source of wealth, merely an additional burden upon the Empire. The estimated revenue for 1900 was in round numbers $18,000, the expenditure $200,000. There seems to be no inherent reason, however, why New Guinea should not prove as profitable a possession as Java, if the right means to develop its resources are taken. To show this, and also to arouse the interest of his countrymen in the little isolated band of officials, traders, and missionaries on these lonely shores, is the main object of the book before us. Herr von Hesse-Wartegg brings to his patriotic task well-trained powers of observation, gained from extensive travel, and considerable descriptive ability. He has been thoroughly conscientious in his work also, for to inform himself of the conditions he visited nearly every place in the two colonies, however remote or difficult of access, where a white man was stationed.

His starting-point was Singapore, and he calls attention to the fact that the voyager from the East, after leaving the Moluccas, finds no trace of the white man until he reaches the German station, Berlinhafen, a thousand miles distant. In the western half of New Guinea, over which Holland has claimed sovereignty for three-quarters of a century, there is not a white settler nor a Government representative, and during the four days' steaming along its shores, not even a canoe was seen. In Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, as the German colony is called, there are seven trading and mission stations, which are struggling for existence under great difficulties, the chief of which now are the remoteness from a market and the scarcity of labor. The cultivators of the tobacco, cotton, and coffee plantations are Melanesians and Chinese, the few natives being averse to any work save the gathering of cocoanuts. Our author was most impressed with the remarkable beauty, surpassing anything he had ever seen elsewhere, of the neighboring colony, Bismarck Archipelago, as New Britain has been renamed, and expresses his surprise that these "island paradises" should still remain far aside from the stream of world travel. The inhabitants, who are addicted to cannibalism, are apparently of a higher degree of intelligence than the Papuans, and many interesting particulars are cited in respect to their life and peculiar customs. The music of several of their songs is given, doubtless on the assumption of their being characteristic. Two of the Samoan, however, are unmistakably revival tunes taught the islanders by the missionaries. The Germans are slowly forming friendly relations with these people, and Hesse-Wartegg was one of the Governor's companions on a first visit of white men to the island of St. Matthias. The ship came to anchor at nightfall off the shore, and, in order to detect any hostile designs of the natives, a searchlight was cast upon the beach and adjacent water.

"When the blinding white light fell on the dark, mirror-like surface of the sea, there sprang from the illumined circle thousands and tens of thousands of frightened fishes seeking with great leaps refuge from the strange disturber of their rest in the dark water beyond. Their bodies shone and glistened like electric lights, and the falling drops as well as the upspringing spray of the agitated sea glowed like a continuous shower of diamonds in indescribably dazzling beauty. . . . On the disappearance of the fish from the lighted spot, it was only necessary to turn the ray upon another place to produce the same spectacle. Now here, now there, now in the immediate neighborhood, now in the far distance, the spectral illumination was repeated to our unwearied gaze."

These islands are subject to frequent earthquakes, and the natives have a remarkable prescience of their coming. In the early morning of September 11, 1900, the whites at one of the stations saw the natives rushing from the bush to the sea without any apparent reason. For nearly two hours they stood waist deep in the water, and then the shock, of which they had had mysterious warning, came.

At Samoa our author is on comparatively familiar ground, but he has much that is interesting to tell of his excursions to the different German stations, and of the impression which the attractive natives made upon him. In describing their habits and social customs he offends, at least in one instance, against good taste by giving unnecessarily minute details. Another blemish is the bitter anti-English spirit manifested throughout, which would be amusing if it had not its serious side. He continually resents the prevalence of "Pidgen-Englisch," and impliedly finds fault with the English and American missionaries, who have been laboring in these regions for half a century, because they teach in English and not in German. He actually accuses those in Samoa of "spreading the belief among the natives that England would reconquer Samoa as soon as the South African war was ended." For the French Roman Catholic missionaries, on the other hand, he has nothing but commendation for their self-denying work. The first two questions which the colonists put when a ship arrives are, "Have the Navy-Increase and Colonial Bills passed? Have the English had more trouncings from the Boers?" This hatred, born apparently of simple jealousy of England's success in colonization, has not prevented the Germans from imitating English methods. In these colonies there is little or none of the despotic militarism which chokes the growth of German East Africa. The few officials have great freedom of action, due largely to the fact that it takes four months to communicate with the home Government and get an answer, even by cable. A very great obstacle to the substantial growth of the colonies, to which repeated reference is made, is the unwillingness of the German women to share in the toils and privations of the men. In the three colonies, containing some five hundred Germans, mostly young men, there were, at the time of our author's visit, only two German women; in Samoa, not one.

A most instructive feature of this entertaining volume is the beautiful illustrations, which enable one to form the best possible conception of the appearance of the natives, their houses and customs. They also show very effectively the marked distinctions of type between the brutal Papuan and the beautiful and intelligent Samoan, and fill one with astonishment that such differences could exist between people living in almost the same conditions. There are some excellent maps showing each mission and trading station, and in Samoa the lands belonging to the different companies. We have noted a slight error in the account of the Solomon Islands, which were discovered, not, as is stated, in 1566, but in 1568.

Chapters on English Metre. By Joseph B. Mayor, M.A. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1901.

The first edition of this book (1886) we reviewed in the following year. We are concerned here with chapters vii., xiv., and xv., which are added in the second edition. Chapter vii. consists of the examination and criticism of two recent metrical systems. The former is that of Mr. Robert Bridges in his 'Milton's Prosody' (Oxford, 1893); the latter, that of Dr. Skeat on the Scansion of English Poetry, in the Transactions of the London Philological Society for 1897-1898 (pp. 484-503). These two systems are taken up, scrutinized, weighed, valued, and, one may say, disposed of. Mr. Bridges possesses much insight, fine feeling for the verse he expounds, and unquestionable comprehension of Milton's subtler beauties in handling the heroic line. This chapter leaves our admiration for Mr. Bridges's qualities undisturbed, but makes it difficult, if not impossible, to have any

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faith in the system which he has devised for expressing his ideas of metrification. Dr. Skeat is handled more roughly. His system is riddled; we might almost say it has been demolished by the hot shot of these strictures. Even more, we are left little regard for his capacity to discriminate between the rhythms of English verse, and less for his feeling for the poetic lilt of admirable lines.

Dr. Mayor has not merely the appearance of entire fairness in what he says in this chapter; fairness itself is manifest throughout, and many of his utterances are admirable, as, for instance, on page 104:

"The type of the metre is ascertained, like a botanical or anatomical type, by comparison of a large number of recognized examples. It is the musical air or theme on which different variations are composed. It is Plato's one in the many, the permanent in the changeable, the persistent background in the mind of the poet and the reader."

Chapter xiv., on Shelley's metre, exhibits the results of careful study, guided by sound sense. Read understandingly, it will be for any beginner an adequate introduction to the study of English verse. A questionable device in scanning is the dissyllabizing of such words as "dares," p. 245, and "tears," page 251. At one point only does the analysis fail. No writer on English verse has yet acknowledged the existence in English of pæonic rhythms. Not recognizing that such is the cadence of the stanzas considered on pp. 251, 252. Mr. Mayor naturally fails to detect and explain the nature of their movement—very tumultuous and varied, indeed; but quite obvious when one has the key.

Chapter xv., on the hexameter and pentameter, is scholarly and satisfying. It does not, to be sure, give an opportunity for trenchant crispness like that of chapter vii., nor does it attain to the well-rounded completeness of the chapter on Shelley. Yet it has some delicious bits, as when (p. 284) we read of dactyls "woolly with harsh elisions." It is surprising that Mr. Mayor considers the fine free hexameters of Swinburne's 'Hesperia' to be "metre . . . not dactylic, but anapæstic"; still more astonishing that he takes them for elegiacs (pp. 292, 293). But this is a small matter, whereas, taken as a whole, this book, of all existing works on English versification, is the most helpful, the sanest, and the best.

The Golden Poppy. By Emory Evans Smith. Palo Alto, Cal.

This book, devoted to the State flower of California, is unique in conception and execution. So far as we know, it is the first attempt to present a full popular account of the artistic capabilities and of the characteristic features of a State floral emblem. The author secured the active service of a hundred willing hands. Some of the scientific helpers brought to him their contributions as to the earliest history, the distribution, and the chief botanical peculiarities of Eschscholtzia, the golden poppy. They have given even a copy of Chamisso's original sketch and of the Latin description, and have traced, in an extremely interesting manner, the course pursued by the first comers, who were either too far south or too far north, perhaps, to see the wonderful bronzing of the hills. Professor Rattan says:

"The first European who came anywhere near the region of Eschscholtzia was Cortez, who visited the peninsula of California in 1534. It is scarcely possible that he saw our plant. Cabrillo, the Portuguese, may have seen it when he landed at San Diego, in 1542; but it is not likely that he knew it from a buttercup. Thirty-seven years later, Sir Francis Drake may have crushed Eschscholtzias when he landed on this coast. It must have been two hundred years after Drake's visit that civilized people—the founders of our first missions—began to notice our State flower, and to talk about it under some Indian name or one of their own making."

And so on down to the coming of the poet, Chamisso, the first botanist who described the plant.

The different species of the genus and the allied genera are indicated with sufficient fulness, so that the book is really a good short treatise on the Californian poppies generally. The giant poppy, the creamcups, the tree-poppy, and Canbya, all find due place. The author has succeeded in giving, by his fine plates, a clear idea of the vastness of the prodigal wealth of bloom, in its season, and shows how prominent a part the flower plays in the scenery of certain portions of the State. He has been equally fortunate in obtaining photographs of single flowers and in the application of their distinctive features to decorative purposes. Our readers will be surprised at the effects which the dissected foliage and graceful curves of all parts produce, and at the skilful way in which the artistic elements are handled.

The literature is represented, also, in a fairly well-proportioned way (no doubt a most difficult bit of editing), and poems are contributed from many sources, all of which indicate at least the devotion of the people to this interesting blossom. The quatrain, by Philip Morse, which closes the book, shall also close our notice:

"When Israel's captain bade the sun stand still,
Loosed from the orb a million flakes of flame
Were wafted down on meadow, vale, and hill;
And so to earth the golden poppy came."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atherton, Gertrude. The Conqueror. Macmillan.
Bagot, Richard. A Roman Mystery. John Lane. $1.50.
Bourchier, John. The Chronicle of Froissart, Vol. IV. London: David Nutt.
Bridges, Robert. Bramble Brae. Scribners.
Carhart, H. S., and Chute, H. N. Physics for High School Students. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25.
Collingwood, W. G. The Life of John Ruskin. Rev. ed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Dobson, Austin. Miscellanies. (Second series.) Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. Spindle and Plough. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Eggleston, G. C. Dorothy South. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.
Elliott, Walter. The Life of Jesus Christ. The Catholic Book Exchange.
Flynt, Josiah. The Little Brother. Century Co.
Garland, Hamlin. The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Harpers. $1.50.
Gunter, A. C. The Surprises of an Empty Hotel. The Home Publishing Co.
Halsey, F. W. Authors of Our Day in their Homes. James Pott & Co.
Halsey, F. W. Our Literary Deluge, and Some of its Deeper Waters. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Hamilton, E. J. The Moral Law, or the Theory and Practice of Duty. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.60.
Hurll, Estelle M. Tuscan Sculpture. (The Riverside Art Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75c.
Isham, F. S. The Strollers. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Joulin, Léon. Les Etablissements Gallo-Romains de la Plaine de Martres-Tolosanes. Paris: C. Klincksieck.
Kordgien, G. C., and Kunow, E. Portuguese Conversation-Grammar. Brentano's.
Laughlin, J. L. The Elements of Political Economy. Rev. ed. American Book Co. $1.20.
Lee, Jennette. The Son of a Fiddler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Little Masterpieces: (1) Swift, (2)) Bacon, (3) Johnson, (4) Milton; (5) Emerson, (6) Goldsmith. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Lowell, Guy. American Gardens. Boston: Bates & Guild Co.
Mabie, H. W. Parables of Life. The Outlook Co. $1.
McKee, Lanier. The Land of Nome. The Grafton Press.
MacMechan, Archibald. Carlyle on Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. (Athenæum Press Series.) Boston: Ginn & Co.
McSpadden, J. W. Shaksperian Synopses. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 45 cents.
Marshall, Beatrice. Old Blackfriars. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Meakin, Budgett. The Moors. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $5.
Meyer, E. C. Nominating Systems: Direct Primaries versus Conventions in the United States. Madison (Wis.): Published by the Author. $1.50.
Morehead, George. Francesca da Rimini. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 25 cents.
Müller, Margarete, and Wenckebach, Carla. Legenden von Gottfried Keller. H. Holt & Co. 35c.
Munn, C. C. Rockhaven. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Norton, C. E. The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. 3 vols. Rev. ed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.50.
Pattee, F. L. Mary Garvin. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Phillips, H. W. Red Saunders. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.
Pierson, Clara D. Among the Night People. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
French, Lillie H. Hezekiah's Wives. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85c.
Prettyman, G. W. Der Talisman, von Ludwig Fulda. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 35c.
Price, Eleanor C. Angelot: A Story of the First Empire. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Rideal, Samuel. Sewage and the Bacteriological Purification of Sewage. New ed. London: The Sanitary Publishing Co.; New York: John Wiley & Sons. $3.50.
Riverside Literature Series: (1) Ramée, Louise de la. A Dog of Flanders, and the Nürnberg Stove; (2) Shakespeare, William. Twelfth Night. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents each.
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Sedgwick, jr., H. D. Samuel de Champlain. (Riverside Biographical Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 65c.
Sheridan, M. V. Personal Memoirs of Philip Henry Sheridan. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. $6.
Shorts, Joseph. The Romance of a Rogue. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Spence, H. D. M. Early Christianity and Paganism. London: Cassell & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.
St. Clair-Tisdall, W. Modern Persian Conversation-Grammar. Brentano's.
Strong, Josiah. The Next Great Awakening. The Baker & Taylor Co. 75 cents.
The Brothers Dalziel: A Record of Fifty Years' Work in Conjunction with many of the most Distinguished Artists of the Period, 1840-1890. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.
Wale, William. What Great Men Have Said about Great Men. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Ware, W. R. Topical Architecture: (1) Renaissance Doorways; (2) Door and Window Grilles. Boston: American Architect and Building News Co.

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